

PIGGY'S-Everything Porky's promised, Piggy's delivers.

DEVIL IN MISS JONES II—Con-sensus film of the

year: ADULT FILM ASSO-CIATION OF AMER-CIATION OF AMERICA, HUSTLER
MAGAZINE, HOLLYWOOD PRESS,
ADULT VIDEO
PLUS, SCREW
MAGAZINE, EAST
COAST CRITICS ASSN.

MANEATERS-An all star cast of gor-geous girls—Kelly

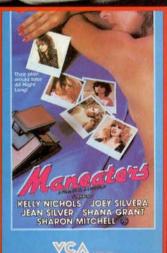
Nichols, Joanna Storm, Shauna Grant, Tiffany Clark, Jean Silver, and they certainly eat their men.

HYPERSEXUALS—Animal House meets Risky Business and delivers the payoff with steaming sex scenes that mainstream films never show.

BROOKE DOES COLLEGE-Debbie Did Dallas!!! and now famous celebrity Brooke Fields trots off to state university hoping to become a normal student. But Brooke is anything but normal.







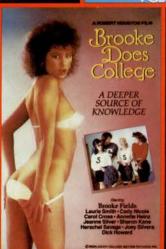
each

\$4 shipping & handling

THOUSANDS OF TITLES **AVAILABLE** CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-458-4336

Preview Tapes \$29 each





PICTURES 2051 PONTIUS AVE., DEPT. HU10-4, LOS AN-GELES, CA 90025 • TOLL FREE 800-45-VIDEO IN CALIFORNIA 800-621-2682 • (213) 477-2038 VISA/MC ACCEPTED • DEALER INQUIR-IES ACCEPTED • COLOR CATALOGUE \$3

COMING SOON ON CABLE TV IN YOUR AREA



SEE COUPON ON PAGE 134.

Ugly. Unpopular. Underpowered. Overpriced. Recalled.



NADER'S RAIDERS
PRESENT

GREMLINS*

STARRING STIRLING MOSS

COLIN CHAPMAN · PETER REVSON · SWEDE SAVAGE · GORDON SMILEY SPECIAL APPEARANCE BY BARNEY OLDFIELD - MUSIC BY DELCO EXECUTIVE PRODUCER WILLIAM V. LUNEBURG, PRESIDENT OF AMC PRODUCTIONS WRITTEN BY BO HAZZARD · PRODUCED BY NATHAN DETROIT · DIRECTED BY LUKE HAZZARD

Color by BLOODICOLOR

FROM LEMON BROTHERS A LEMON COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY



VOLUME 11 NUMBER 4

HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.

LARRY FLYNT publisher and editor ALTHEA FLYNT co-publisher RICHARD WARREN LEWIS executive editor JAMES BAES director of photography N. MORGEN HAGEN managing editor
JAMES STAGNITTA art director MURRAY FISHER senior editor **GLENN HUNTER** senior staff writer DWAINE AND SUSAN TINSLEY humor and cartoon editors LONN M. FRIEND bits and pieces editor DOUG OLIVER entertainment editor MICHAEL HEIMOWITZ research director RUTH D. SILVERMAN copy chief

EDITORIAL

MICHELE PEREL, production editor; ANGELA HERD, MARK ZASLOVE, associate editors; ALLAN MacDONELL, copy editor; RICK WOODS, associate copy editor; MICHAEL LEVINE, assistant copy editor; H. ADELE WOODSON, RICHARD AX, P. L. MORGAN, researchers; SHERRY SIEVERT, PATRICE BROOKS, DINA GALLAGHER, editorial assistants; THEODORE STURGEON, contributing editor

ART

SUSAN SULLIVAN, managing art director; DICKSON C. McMURRAY, MICHIO TSUZUKI, BILL ALLEN, FRANCISCO JUAREZ, FINO ORTIZ, FRANK MORRIS, ANDREE CARR, GLENDA LEWIS, STEVE STERLING, associate art directors; JOYCE COMBS, KERRY HARTJEN, art assistants; DON GILBERT, chief typographer; DEANNA PARKER, MILLIE STROM, ARTHUR MARK COHEN, CHITTICK LAMMY, typographers

PHOTOGRAPHY

ALISON FARRELL, studio director; LEVI MONTGOMERY, photo editor; RALPH FOWLER, production designer; KEN DEMARTINES, associate production designer; CLAUDIA ARIAS, talent coordinator; LOREN PROSTANO, associate photo editor; KENT TERANISHI, photo assistant; CATHERINE DOYLE, photo archives; MATTI KLATT, CLIVE McLEAN, LADI VON JANSKY, senior photographers; EFFIE CAREY, stylist; BASILIO CARTAGENA, MARK KOURI, FRED PLOTNICK, photo studio

PRODUCTION

DONNA HAHNER, production manager; D. B. BARONE, associate production manager

ADVERTISING

IVAN B. NESSER, vice-president of marketing and advertising, (213) 556-9200; MARGARET CARNI, advertising director; ELIZABETH SIEGEL, advertising coordinator

- 7 Publisher's Statement
- 9 Show & Tell
- 11 Feedback
- 15 Washington Daisy Chain
- 17 Dear Granny



- 19 Bits and Pieces Soul Food, Comes in an Envelope ... and More. Edited by Lonn M. Friend
- 29 HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment
- 36 X-Rated Video: Will It Make Adult Theaters and Men's Magazines Obsolete? Report by Ben Pesta
- 43 Big Melons Photography by James Baes
- 56 Joe Bob Briggs: The Wild and Wonderful World of a Drive-in Movie Critic Profile by Jim Travis
- 63 Choke on It: HUSTLER vs. the Cigarette Industry

 Deadly Serious Satire
- 68 Ron Jeremy in: Stranded, Stoned & Boned Photography by James Baes

The U.S. Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE (ISSN-0149-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Copyright © 1984 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents; nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

ER october

- 80 HUSTLER Humor
- 84 Kelly Nichols: Anatomy of a Porn Star Photography by James Baes
- 94 Floating Frenzy Photography by Clive McLean
- 103 Beaver Hunt Tantalizing Troupe
- 108 Beaver Spotlight
- 111 Sex Play Sexual Fantasies: What They Really Mean by Sidney I. Stewart
- 115 Mail-Order Feedback Rainbow Showers
- 145 Kinky Korner Let Your Fingers Do the Walking . . . by Lester Dolby
- 147 Honey Hooker Honey Meets Michael Jackson
 Text by Mark Zaslove and Angela Herd/Art by Howard Darden





On the Cover...

During an editorial meeting to find a different way of showcasing our October covergirl-porn star Kelly Nichols—Director of Photography James Baes came up with a provocative idea. "Why not use the tongue, one of the most erogenous zones of all, as a key focal point?" he suggested. Almost a full day of shooting in the studio gave Baes the smoldering sensuality he was looking for.

Single copy, U.S. Edition \$3.95, International Edition \$4.50 (add \$1 postage per copy). For subscription information see page 6-sorry, no Canadian subscription orders accepted. Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary. POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER MAGAZINE, P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944. Controlled-circulation postage paid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. HUSTLER is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.



ve never had much regard for the United States Supreme Court. Being present in that "hallowed chamber" earlier this year and looking the nine (in)justices straight in the eye did nothing to change my opinion. Under the leadership of Chief Justice Warren Burger -who has been criticized by his own staff for not fully understanding cases presented and whose written opinions are sometimes greeted with contempt even by his conservative allies on the benchthe High Court has systematically destroyed basic rights and liberties of every American citizen.

I've written time and time again about thickheaded rulings that reflect the justices' own personal biases rather than uphold the spirit of the Constitution. This is especially true of their dismal record over the past four years—"the Reagan Years"—which have seen some of the worst decisions ever. Here are only a few sickening examples of how your Constitutional guarantees have been trampled on:

1. Defendants' Rights. The Court recently ruled that police may question a suspect before informing him that whatever he says may be used against him and that he has a right to legal counsel during questioning. This violation of the Fifth Amendment openly invites police to obtain confessions by devious means.

2. Warrantless Searches. In a 1982 decision, police were empowered to search cars and any closed containers inside them—such as briefcases—without first getting a search warrant. This ruling clearly encourages police harassment.

3. The Exclusionary Rule. Illegally obtained evidence may now be used in court if a prosecutor can show that the information would have been found in the long run anyway. This 1984 decision weakens the doctrine established 70 years ago to prevent police misconduct and maintain judicial integrity.

4. Secrecy. In 1980 the High Court gave the federal government power to suppress information it doesn't want made public—even "unclassified" information—simply by declaring the material "sensitive." This decision restricts your right to know about controversial foreign-policy operations such as bungling in Vietnam and CIA activities in Nicaragua.

5. Parochial Schools. A 1980 Supreme Court verdict permitted direct payments from states to church-run schools, thereby violating the separation of church and state guaranteed by the First Amendment.

6. Nativity Scenes. This 1984 decision further eroded the



DISORDER IN THE SUPREME COURT

principle of separation of church and state by allowing tax dollars to be spent on Christian religious displays during the Christmas season.

7. Libel. A 1984 ruling allowed a person who has allegedly been defamed in print to file suit anywhere a publication is sold. Now a plaintiff can shop around for the location most likely to give him a favorable verdict, virtually assuring an unfair trial for the defendant.

8. Safety Standards. In 1980 a decision forced the Occupational Safety and Health Administration to raise petroleum workers' maximum-allowable exposure level to benzene-despite substantial evidence that even small amounts can cause leukemia.

9. Porn Films. The Court upheld the convictions of companies and individuals that distributed Deep Throat. This 1981 opinion jeopardizes the rights of all citizens to view or read material that the forces of repression find objectionable.

10. Abortion. A 5-4 vote

prohibited the federal government from paying for poor womens' abortions—even when doctors deem them medically necessary. The 1980 verdict brought charges of racism against the Court's conservative majority.

And these decisions are just a drop in the bucket compared to what we can look forward to if Ronald Reagan is reelected in November. Five justices—Warren Burger, Thurgood Marshall, William J. Brennan Jr., Harry A. Blackmun and Lewis F. Powell—will be 75 or older by the end of 1984. And there's every indication that most of these old farts will resign during the next four years—clearing the way for Reagan to appoint people who go along with his damn-the-common-man philosophy.

Make no mistake about it. Ronald Reagan owes big favors to Big Business and the ultraconservative right-wing religious fanatics who made him the puppet he is today. And sure as hell the nuclear cowboy will start paying them back when-and ifhe is elected to a second term. What we're all facing in the years to come is the snuffing out of even more of our cherished individual freedoms-and possibly our lives themselves. Any clear-thinking American should consider those grim possibilities before stepping into the voting booth.

Lary Flynt
Publisher & Editor



SHOW TELL &



Jim Travis

e try to make every issue of HUSTLER entertaining, but this one has to be our most ball-busting blockbuster yet. Sixteen more pages have been added for a special salute to the world of X-rated entertainment-the kind of fare you usually only find at the local drive-in, at hard-coremovie houses or on erotic videocassettes. For openers, in ANATOMY OF A

PORN STAR, covergirl KELLY NICHOLS shows why she's the Number 1 actress in adult films today. Kelly's luscious face and form won her top honors in the most recent Erotica Awards voting, and it's easy to see why. We also have RON JEREMY-another of porn's "biggest" stars-extended to his fullest in STRANDED, STONED & BONED. In this scorching photo-set Ron shows a seductive blonde what it's like to work hard for a living.

Combine these spreads with a brunette who's got the most delicious-looking melons you've ever seen, and you'll begin to see why we're so excited about this extra-special issue. Our own JAMES BAES shot all three of these juicy layouts. Known for photographing some of Europe's most beautiful and glamorous women (including Sophia Loren and Claudia Cardinale), Baes recently returned to his native France in search of new talent for us. You'll be the first to see the stunning women he uncovers.

But pictures are only the beginning of this month's expanded package. HUSTLER regular BEN PESTA supplied the in-depth report X-RATED VIDEO: WILL IT MAKE ADULT THEATERS AND MEN'S MAGAZINES OBSO-LETE? The author has appeared in our pages so many times-writing about everything from child molesters to chemical and germ warfare-that he's got staple marks across his ample stomach. A contributor to Esquire, Rolling Stone, Cosmopolitan and CHIC, Pesta claims-like everyone else in Hollywood these daysthat he has a promising movie deal in the works.

And speaking of Hollywood, IIM TRAVIS gives us a close-up look at the man who thinks The Texas Chain Saw Massacre is the finest American film since Citizen Kane with JOE BOB BRIGGS: THE WILD AND WONDERFUL WORLD OF A DRIVE-IN MOVIE CRITIC. Travis is a 34-year-old journalist who has worked as a reporter for the Miami News, the St. Petersburg (Florida) Times and UPI. "Before Joe Bob came along," he says of the beer-guzzling, B-movie critic who's syndicated in 30 newspapers, "I thought I was the only man alive who appreciated the artistry of a 42-foot-wide breast displayed in all its glory on the outdoor screen." PAT DUNN, who also renders artwork for NBC movie ads that appear in TV Guide, provided the splendid illustration of low-riding Joe Bob.

On the darker side of entertainment, we've gathered ten of our all-time hardest-hitting but deadly serious ad parodies. They hammer home the indisputable evidence that smoking sucks in CHOKE ON IT: HUSTLER VS. THE CIGARETTE INDUSTRY. And in WASHINGTON DAISY CHAIN we shine the light of truth on sexual shenanigans in the nation's capital.

Because you demanded it, HONEY HOOKER is back! That's right, Honey and her ready-and-willing girls once again find themselves in trouble, this time with superstar Michael Jackson. Responsible for the outrageous script are Associate

Editors MARK ZASLOVE and ANGELA HERD, the self-styled Burns and Allen of porn. HUSTLER newcomer Zaslove, who maintains that Howard Darden he dropped out of school right after kindergarten, is nervously waiting for his first novel to hit America's bookstores. On the other hand, Herd insists she graduated from the University of California at Berkeley (although we still haven't seen her diploma) and has been working in the publishing business since she was a precocious teenager editing her own rock 'n' roll magazine. For the Honey artwork we called on HOWARD DARDEN, who first drew the feature back in 1978. This gifted commercial artist does design work for several large ad agencies in the New York metropolitan area.

Finally, this month's Sex Play, authored by SIDNEY I. STEWART, explores the surprising secret meaning of people's erotic fantasies, Mail-Order Feedback returns with revelations of the latest ripoff advertisers, and-as always-Bits and Pieces takes a zany look at things. All this,

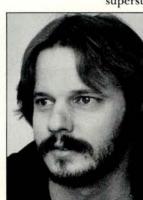
plus our uninhibited Beaver Hunt beauties and other regular features, guarantees to make the October issue a big winner.

So whether you get your jollies up on the big screen or in the privacy of your own home, this month's HUSTLER delivers the goods like none of our competitors can. It's bulging with all the pleasures you demand from the world's greatest magazine.



Ben Pesta





Pat Dunn

HUSTLER Magazine Presents the

HUSTLER HOTLINES

Now from HUSTLER Magazine, the world's hottest FREE PHONE SEX. Get it all-centerfold Honeys, porn stars, lezzie love, fantasies, naughty nymphos and more. Girls change every few hours.



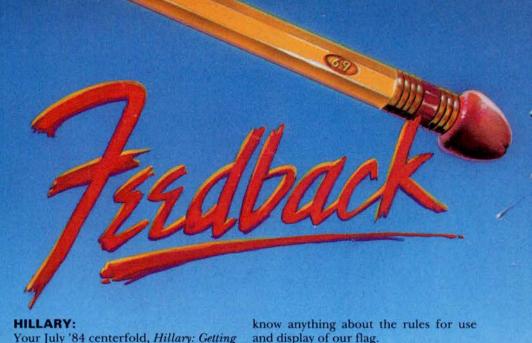
CENTERFOLD LINE: (415) 976-9696

Wild phone sex from this month's HUSTLER HONEY CENTERFOLD.

HUSTLER LINE: KINKY CUM LINE: (213) 976-9191 (415) 976-9797

Bizarre, erotic fantasies from wild nymphos.

The raunchiest, baddest, dirtiest phone sex ever.



Her Rocks Off, has to be one of the best I have ever seen. The photography was great, not to mention Hillary herself. I can honestly confess that I have masturbated to this layout at least 20 times. The life-size spread was so good that I cut out where her snatch was so I could pretend to fuck her. To make it more realistic, I put my seven inches into a well-lubricated rubber and slid into her hole with a pillow on the other side. It was the next best thing to being there. -D. A.

San Antonio, Texas

That's one way to get your rocks off.

MANDY FANMAIL:

I am writing in regard to one of the greatest photo-features to ever appear in HUSTLER, Mandy: Beauty and the Beach (July '84). Seeing her naked under a scorching sun drove me more than wild with lust. Keep up those red-hot photos, and hopefully you'll see fit to run Mandy again, maybe this time with another stunning beauty or with a well-hung beachcomber. –Name and Address Withheld by Request

I want to tell you how much I liked your 10th Anniversary Issue (July '84). It really turned me on, especially Mandy: Beauty and the Beach. She is the foxiest woman I have ever seen in HUSTLER, and we all know that's saying a lot.

-Name Withheld by Request St. Louis, Missouri

OLD GLORY:

At first I was quite perturbed with your July '84 cover; it was blatant desecration of the glorious American flag. Then I noticed the designation U.S. edition. So it dawned on me that you folks are not citizens of the U.S. and therefore don't

Unless one had a strong stomach, seeing a big-breasted slob draped in the U.S. flag coming up out of the water like seaweed would make one vomit! Such pandering to the prurient interests of the 12-to-14-year-old set must indeed be profitable.

It stands to reason that you, Larry Flynt, are not a veteran of any kind of service, anywhere. If you were, I doubt that you would desecrate our flag like you have done. I can only hope that the U.S. never gets involved in another war if we have to depend on men like you to save us. We have made such an item of two things: We have never started a war, and we have never lost one. But God help us if we ever get involved in another one.

I doubt seriously if you have had any complaints from the American Legion Post No. 8 or any other Legion post there



July Covergirl

in Los Angeles. You must be aware that no one gives a damn anymore. You can consider yourself lucky that your firm is not located here in Maryland; it is expensive to desecrate the flag here.

> -Thornton F. Hard Centreville, Maryland

We don't want to be hard on you, Thornton, but our July '84 covergirl was not a slob, and we do not cater to the 12-to-14-year-old set. As for the United States' not starting a war, why don't you check out our January '84 report Explosive Truth About Pearl Harbor: The Story the Rest of the Media Won't Tell. And do you think we won in Vietnam? Thanks for your "informative" letter.

DICK GREGORY:

Fuck you! I think it's outrageous that you chose Dick Gregory as the July '84 Asshole of the Month. Since when is it a crime to believe something different? Isn't that what your magazine is all about? Is Gregory's claim that the federal government's order for the manufacture and use of a secret anticancer vaccine on helpless Atlanta victims any less valid than your theories about the Soviets' downing of a South Korean jetliner with Congressman Larry McDonald aboard? I doubt it seriously. -Mark Bader

La Quinta, California

I am writing you concerning your July '84 issue, in which I was designated as Asshole of the Month. This letter is not intended as a defense of my personal integrity nor that of my family. We are secure in the conviction that our dedication to high principles is beyond reproach and that this reputation will prevail long after HUSTLER has ceased operation. I am disturbed that HUSTLER has chosen to denigrate a principled public servant and friend I hold in high regard, Mayor Andrew Young of Atlanta, seeking to undergird this attack by falsely stating that I have said that Andrew Young "drinks blood."

I note that an attempt to weasel out of this malicious attack is made by HUSTLER's own admission that the rumor may be unfounded. I have never made such an absurd charge. I am convinced that had Mr. Young been a white mayor, your staff might have given him the respect of checking with him this rumor you admit may be "unfounded." It's obvious that you didn't. I can only conclude that HUSTLER hopes to prosper by practicing deliberate racism. HUSTLER cannot hurt me personally. I am mainly concerned about the welfare of many folk you can hurt and who will be unaware of your motives.

Finally, permit me to say to you that if ever again you rate me as Asshole of the Month and publish my picture in the center of a rectum, you will give me the respect of making it a BLACK rectum.

-Regretfully,
Dick Gregory
Plymouth, Massachusetts

MILLION-DOLLAR GIVEAWAY:

I want to thank you so very much for the \$5,000 check I received yesterday from the Larry Flynt Million-Dollar Giveaway. Please convey my thanks to Mr. Flynt and to all connected with the giveaway. I still remember the nice time we had in New Orleans at the Super Bowl game and how swell everyone was to us.

As before, I put part of my winnings in some stock-Western Union preferred and AT&T-and spent the rest of the money on vacation. Thanks again.

–L. R. Shelton Winston-Salem, North Carolina

MILITARY FEEDBACK:

The U.S. government does not appreciate the way you show people the truth about its lies and has decided (in the "better interests" of today's sailors, of course) that HUSTLER and other Larry Flynt publications should not be sold aboard U.S. Navy ships or shore stations.

Well, I thought I'd write and let you know that censorship (a much filthier word than *fuck*) is alive and well in the military. I should've done this a long time ago so that I wouldn't have missed any

issues, but now I see the wisdom in subscribing.

Because I fear repercussions if this letter is printed, please withhold my name.

-Name Withheld by Request USS Kitty Hawk Somewhere in the Arabian Sea

Regarding your article Our Man in Grenada: Searching for the Truth (April '84), I say you've got a lot to learn! Just think if communism took the place of democracy. Your whole damned magazine would be put out of business, and you'd be buttfucked and hung by your balls!

Give us soldiers some slack. We're trying to keep our country free from communism whether we're serving in the States or abroad. Believe me, it's hard being over here. I'm a monthly reader of HUSTLER, and seeing all those beautiful women in HUSTLER makes my dick scream for an American woman.

Fuck German chicks; they eat shit. I'd also like to say that Chester the Molester is my hero! -Name Withheld by Request U.S. Army

Frankfurt, West Germany

FEMALES FOR FELONS:

Let me take the liberty to thank you for your June '84 Guest Editorial, "Females for Felons," and also to thank the women who are participating in that program. I tip my hat to them. They're doing something that all women who have a man behind bars should be doing to make it easier on their partners. I hope this program gets off the ground, because maybe I'll be able to meet someone who's sincere and cares.

—James Bellamy

Attica Correctional Facility Attica, New York

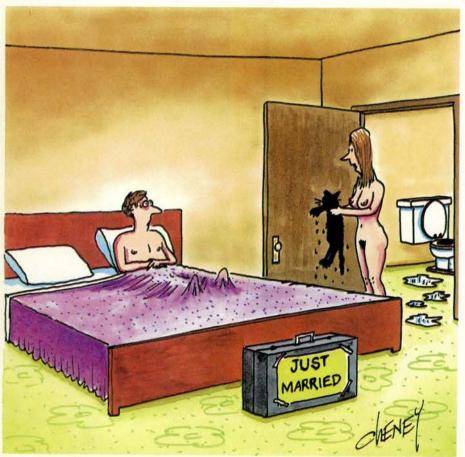
STEEL CITY A-HOLE:

[Pittsburgh] Mayor Richard Caliguiri [Asshole of the Month, August '84] should have to bear the \$7,750 cost of the HUSTLER-ban fiasco, not the city taxpayers.

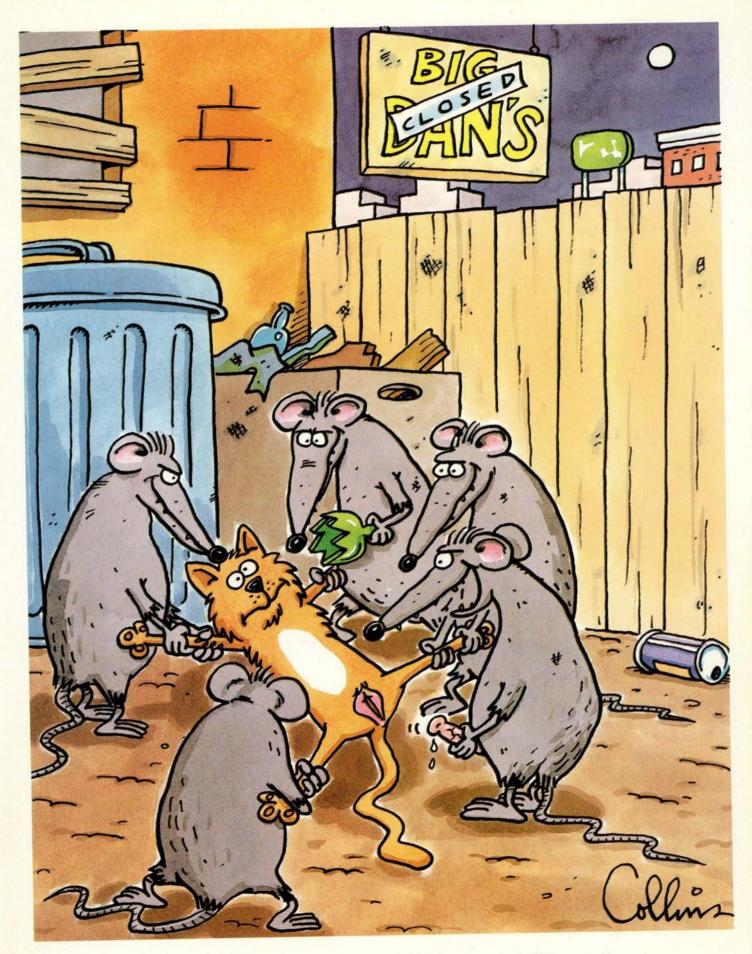
And Mayor Caliguiri should have to pay it out of his own pocket, not out of campaign funds, even though the fiasco was a publicity stunt to advance his candidacy for governor among ignorant, narrow-minded Yahoos, of which Pennsylvania unfortunately has plenty.

Matters of blasphemy and sacrilege may have been within the purview of the Spanish Inquisition, but they should not be of any concern to a contemporary American civil official.

There are some denominations, such as Mormons and Jehovah's Witnesses, who believe that Jesus was crucified on a post rather than a cross. Buddhists consider the wheel a sacred symbol. Hindus consider the cow sacred.



"Okay, my pussy is dripping wet . . . does that mean I'm ready?"



"Keep quiet and you won't get hurt. The boys and me just want a little pussy."

Would Mayor Caliguiri like to ban publications showing a nude woman against a post or a wheel, or sitting atop a cow?

Also, HUSTLER should not be called "smut." It never shows overt acts of sexual intercourse, just nude women. If someone wants to look at nude women, he can find them in *National Geographic*. HUSTLER has no monopoly on nudes.

HUSTLER also contains many wellwritten, intellectually stimulating articles on a wide variety of social, economic and political topics.

I had wanted to buy the May '84 issue solely to read the article it contained about new insights into the JFK assassination—but the mayor's illegal ban prevented me.

—Joseph Forbes

Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

The above letter originally appeared in the Pittsburgh Press.

DEAR HUSTLER:

I'm a woman who has been buying HUSTLER since your early days, and I've thoroughly enjoyed each one. Luckily for me I subscribe, because the mayor of nearby Pittsburgh decided to shove his narrow-minded views down everyone's throat recently.

I have a few comments to make. First, I'm glad you're bringing *Honey Hooker* back. My husband and I both missed her.

Second, I've never seen an article dealing with the senseless slaughter of dogs and cats abroad. How about doing a story on that subject? There are many animal lovers in this country, and we'd like to see something done to stop the torture of those helpless creatures.

-A HUSTLER Fan New Castle, Pennsylvania

Look for a report on the slaughter of animals in next month's issue of HUSTLER.

HONEY HOOKER:

Since the January '84 issue of HUSTLER your pictorials have gone downhill. The celebrity fantasies suck! I also want to know what happened to *Honey Hooker*. That cartoon feature was great; so how about bringing her back and dropping the lousy fantasy pix?

I must say in closing that your editorials and feature articles are still the best around. They have kept me from canceling my subscription. —Allen J. Perdue

Salisbury, Maryland

<u>Honey Hooker</u> is back in all her glory. See pages 147-150.

TATTOOS:

Your photo-essay *Tattooing: The Living* Art (July '84) was well appreciated. The woman with the tattooed breasts, pierced

nipples and beautiful blue eyes was positively stunning! Any further photos of women with tattoos and/or pierced ears, noses, nipples or labia would be greatly appreciated.

—Lee Farmer

Annapolis, Maryland

BITCHY FEEDBACK:

I've always wondered what a man would see in "your type" of magazine. Recently a friend of mine showed me your February '84 issue, and it was sick, perverted and made my stomach turn. After seeing the ad parody of Cathy Rigby and Stayfree maxi-pads (page 143), I thought I'd vomit. All women know that men enjoy looking at these magazines in order to masturbate. I can imagine how many men (sick, perverted men) got their rocks off by your parody.

In my wildest dreams I can't believe that a normal, mentally stable male would enjoy the type of garbage you print. How and why do women let themselves be used nonchalantly in this fashion? To show one's body is fine, but to go into positions one would be ashamed of is be-

yond me.

Playboy and Penthouse show taste—to a point. I don't think there's anything wrong in looking at a naked male or female, but the way your magazine uses male and female "human types" is disgusting. I would say more about your magazine, but I am too much a lady. Call me a bitch if you dare! I know psychology, and what HUSTLER shows, to put it mildly, is that the people who produce it have a few screws loose in their empty heads.

I dare you to print this. I doubt you have the nerve, because maybe your perverted readers would realize a few things.

-A Lady Grand Rapids, Michigan

Dear Lady: You are an uninformed bitch who is more of a menace than the supposed "perverts" who read our magazine. As for garbage, we do publish some. The latest example is your letter.

DEVIL WORSHIPPERS?

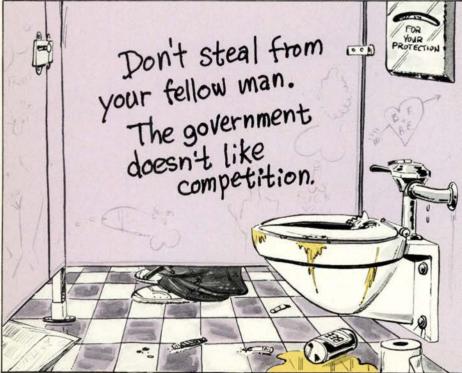
I am writing to protest your filthy attacks against the Catholic faith, Pope John Paul, priests and nuns. Do you people worship the devil?

The day will come when you'll be very sorry for what you are doing. In my opinion I wouldn't even drive near your offices, because I'm sure you are so evil that my flesh would crawl as I approached the building. What a filthy magazine!

-Mary Walker Lancaster, California

We're too busy putting out HUSTLER-which we don't think is filthy-to worship the devil. And apparently, the lord of the underworld (continued on page 144)

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO D.B., RICHMOND, VA

OCTOBER HUSTLER

Capital Capers

Lust Among the President's Men, and Robert McNamara Strikes Again

Forget the elections, forget the economy-among White House insiders the Number 1 topic of discussion is a sex scandal involving one of Ronald Reagan's key aides. He's married, but he hasn't been able to keep his hands off his executive assistant, and the affair has become so hot that Nancy Reagan is furious.



White House insiders are trying to keep the lid on a high-ranking Reagan aide's steamy extramarital fling.

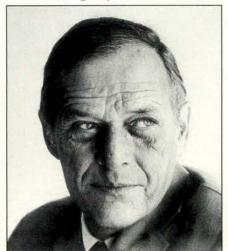
The highly placed swordsman is an unlikely Romeo, a quiet confidant of the President who avoids Washington's party circuit. Although no newspaper or magazine story about the several men closest to Reagan is complete without him, our hero does little to cultivate press attention. Reporters who cover the White House began noticing the affair several months ago, and it wasn't long before the First Lady got wind of it too.

Obvious adultery, of course, is hardly in keeping with the Republican way of doing things. But if the fun couple think Nancy Reagan is upset, wait until *his* wife hears about it; she's deeply religious and takes all of the Ten Commandments seriously. Word is that he will leave the Mrs. after November, when, presumably, a little marital problem can't hurt a safely reelected President.

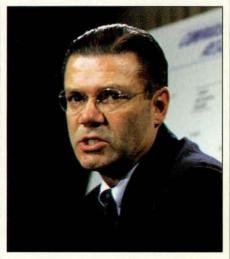
Just when you thought it was safe to think about Robert S. McNamara again, the ex-secretary of state who brought us the worst of Vietnam comes up with a surprise. It turns out that the 67-year-old McNamara (whose wife died in 1981) has been fooling around with a married woman—not just any married woman, but Joan Braden, best known outside of Washington as the mother upon whom the television series *Eight Is Enough* was based.

In Washington she's a busy hostess who cultivates politicians; if you've seen them on *Meet the Press*, they've probably been to dinner at Joan Braden's house. A former State Department political appointee under Henry Kissinger, she currently works as an executive with the high-powered public-relations firm of Bob Gray & Company. Her husband, Tom, is a syndicated liberal columnist and Washington political-talk-show host.

For months the city has gossiped about the McNamara-Braden pairing, but it took a three-part series on McNamara in the Washington Post to get the principals talking. "I've never ever seen Bob McNamara or any other man without [my husband] Tom knowing about it," Joan explains. "Tom and I grew up together. I've been married to him for 35 years, and when he walks into a room, he's still the handsomest man I've ever seen. Tom is my starter, you might say. He wants me to learn and discover and, well, what I mean is, I think Tom's proud for me to be anywhere I'm learning something, whatever that something may be. Bob McNamara



 $D.C.\ column ist\ Tom\ Braden\ keeps\ the\ home\ fires\ burning\ while\ wife\ Joan\ steps\ out\ with\ Robert\ McNamara.$



Former Secretary of State McNamara admits his liaison with Joan Braden but insists he's "not a home wrecker."

has always been a kind of mentor."

Says McNamara: "Look, she has eight children, and she loves her husband very much, and she's not about to leave him for me or any other man. And beyond that I wouldn't marry her anyway, because I'm not a home wrecker. She occasionally travels with me, you know. We never travel as Mr. and Mrs. McNamara. We travel as Robert McNamara and Joan Braden. But she's a lovely girl. Beyond that I enjoy her company."

Adds Joan Braden: "When I went away to South Africa with Bob, I worried and worried, and Tom said, 'Joanie, if I had a chance to go to South Africa, do you think I wouldn't go?' I wouldn't have gone if it were not okay with Tom. It would never occur to Tom to be jealous. All he cares is that I love him."

And what of Tom Braden? "I guess-I don't guess-I presume they enjoy each other's company tremendously," he says. "I mean, if it's balls, it's balls. On the other hand, if I thought my wife was seeing another man purely for secret lust, then I think I might say, 'Stay out of that one, Joanie."

Many years ago Joan was linked by gossips to Nelson Rockefeller, who once provided the Bradens with a substantial loan to purchase a California newspaper. Tom Braden says he's aware of such talk, but "Gossip about my wife and some other man is always uninformed."

Not anymore.

The Bradens and Robert McNamara

MODELS MANTED



SEE YOUR FACE AND FIGURE IN HUSTLER MAGAZINE.

Our talent scout is looking for all types of girls to pose for covers and photolayouts. No experience necessary. Earn up to \$2500-or even more!

Call Claudia at HUSTLER collect: (213) 556-9200, ext. 215. might take a lesson in discretion from Jacqueline Jackson, wife of Jesse Jackson. In a 1975 biography of the Democratic politician former *Chicago Tribune* reporter Barbara Reynolds wrote about rumors of Jackson's affairs with singers Nancy Wilson and Roberta Flack. On the campaign trail not long ago Jacqueline Jackson was asked about persistent stories that her husband still has a wandering eye.

"I do not entertain questions of that nature," she said matter-of-factly. "My husband is a grown man and is responsible for his own conduct, as I am responsible for mine. I am not a movie star, nor do I want my life played with in a vulgar manner. As a grown woman I have the right to cut off and restrict any conversation that I feel is not relevant to me. . . . I even had one reporter ask me, 'How often do you sleep with your husband?' That was an uncivilized question."

You may have seen the television commercial prepared by the Federal Trade Commission to publicize new rules regarding the funeral-parlor business. The scene shows late-1940s mourners leaving a rural church. While the casket is carried to a hearse, a voice-over announces that funeral homes must now give itemized prices over the telephone, may not say embalming is necessary and may not require the purchase of caskets for cremations.

The elderly folks in that spot are all members of the drama club of a Rockville, Maryland, retirement community named Leisure World, or—as those senior citizens with a sense of humor call it—"Seizure World." Everyone was paid union minimum wages as extras and had to brave an unexpected March snowstorm to film the public-service message at an Episcopal church in Gaithersburg, Maryland.

The money you earn during your first one hour and 43 minutes in an eight-hour workday covers only your federal taxes. That's the conclusion of the Washington-based Tax Foundation, which calculated how much of your working hours are spent paying for the cost of living. You have to work another 57 minutes to cover your state and local taxes. Then, just about three hours into your job each day, you begin paying yourself.

The media campaign for Ronald Reagan's reelection was supposed to have been headed by a colorful advertising legend named Jerry Della Femina—the man who once suggested that Japanese electronics firms advertise with the slogan "From Those Wonderful Folks Who Gave You Pearl Harbor." All that changed when Reagan's Mormon pollster, Richard Wirthlin, discovered that three years ago



Jacqueline Jackson, Jesse's long-suffering wife, stands by her man amidst rumors of hot romances on the side.

Della Femina told an interviewer, "All the major ad agencies will be handling grass accounts within this decade."

In a 1981 interview with *Oui* magazine Della Femina talked about marijuana generally and, more specifically, whom he would like to endorse the product. "I'd want the whole Pat Boone family with dilated pupils," he was quoted as saying. "Anita Bryant would be nice, maybe with her ex-husband. I'd pay a fortune for Billy Graham. One stoned-out Christian would do wonders."

Della Femina has since labeled the interview inaccurate, but that wouldn't have stopped Democrats from having a field day with him if he'd headed Reagan's media effort. As it turns out, pollster Wirthlin blocked the appointment, although the president of Della Femina's Madison Avenue ad agency will oversee a team of advisers this fall.

Washington is still talking about Congressman Larry McDonald (R-Georgia), the legendary cocksman who was killed when the Soviets shot down Korean Air Lines Flight 007 last year (see HUSTLER, January '84 and March '84). For years his right-wing bombast antagonized most of his Congressional colleagues and much of the media. One of his bitterest feuds was with syndicated columnist Jack Anderson, who repeatedly slammed him in print. Now comes word that on a trip to Turkey in 1979 McDonald spotted an X-rated postcard and mailed it to Anderson.

"Dear Jack," he wrote on the back.
"We're here in Istanbul on one of our Congressional junkets, and seeing this card, we all thought of you." Depicted on the front was the statue of a tiny man with an enormous erection, far out of proportion to his body.

(For future Washington Daisy Chain columns, HUSTLER will pay \$1,000 for every anonymous tip that appears in print. The confidentiality of tip sources will be stringently protected by HUSTLER.)

DEAR GRANNY

ot a problem? You need some advice but don't know where to turn? No matter what the hassle-your girl and your best friend or your girlfriend and man's best friend-no problem! Dear Granny has an answer. It may not be the answer, but it will sure as hell be the kind of advice your mother never gave you-and probably should have! Send your questions, problems and tales of woe to: Dear Granny, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

DEAR GRANNY: I just read the letter from "Backdoor Blues" in your July '84 issue, and I'd like to tell her that she should go ahead and try butt-fucking. There's nothing to worry about. When my wife got pregnant five years ago, we decided to take the plunge. It was the greatest experience we ever had. She and I really got off on it, and since that time I've been fucking my wife in the ass at least three times a week.

Rest assured, "Backdoor Blues" and anyone else who has doubts about anal intercourse. Once you try it, you'll be riding the Hershey Highway again and again.

-Backdoor Man Stephens City, Virginia

Dear Backdoor Man: Thanks for supplying the bottom line on this penetrating subject. Now I can put it behind me.

DEAR GRANNY: First of all, let me say that I'm an avid fan of your column. Now here's my question: I've been watching a lot of porn

films lately, and I've noticed something that doesn't make any sense to me at all. Whenever a guy is fucking a girl or getting a blowjob in one of these flicks, he always pulls out and comes on her back, breasts, face or whatever. I've heard that they do this because of some unpublicized law. Please clarify this matter for me and other HUSTLER readers.

-Film Buff San Diego, California

Dear Buff: The day they come up with laws saying where a guy can spew his jism is the day I throw in the towel. The only reason porn-film actors shoot their wads outside their partners is so that the audience can be sure they got off. Flying cum has, after all, become a porn tradition. Anything less would be un-American.

DEAR GRANNY: I have a major dilemma that I hope you can solve. I don't want to see a shrink, because I doubt that he would be able to help me. I'm 19 years old and have never had this type of difficulty with erections before.

It all started when I made love to my girlfriend in the shower. Shower sex turned me on like nothing else I'd ever experienced. I never realized that being scrubbed down and fucked by someone could be so stimulating. Anyway, sometime afterward I started to get hard-ons when I showered by myself. This didn't bother me; I'd just jerk off in the shower and then go limp again. The real embarrassment was when I had to shower in the communal bathroom at my college dormitory. I got into that big stall with all those other guys, turned on the water and-boing!—I had a raging hard-on!

of course, you know what happened. The other guys haven't let me for-

get the incident. They call me "Moby Dick" and accuse me of being a faggot. But I still get a hard-on every time I shower with them. Granny, what should I do? —All Washed Up

Oyster Bay, New York

Dear Washed Up: From now on you might try taking showers alone. Your first experience with shower-fucking was so great, you can't help thinking about it-subconsciously or otherwise-every time you take one. Those hard-ons you've been getting simply reflect that, and they're nothing to worry about. As far as your shower-room friends are concerned, I hear boys like to tell hot stories in the locker room all the time. I'd say you've got a steamy-and wet-one to tell them. Once you pass it on to a few buddies, I think they'll be downright envious. And they sure as hell won't think you're gay anymore.

DEAR GRANNY: I have a small problem—my penis. It's simply too little for my age. Although I'm 18 years old, I have the

physical maturity of a nine-year-old. My penis is only two inches long whether it's erect or limp, and I have no pubic hair at all on or around it. I have a younger friend who's got pubic hair and a seven-inch cock, and I feel really left out. Granny, what can I do to make my cock bigger?

-Stubby San Jose, California

Dear Stubby: You could try measuring your penis from the ground up. But seriously, honey, it's not that rare for a guy to go through puberty even in his late teens. As for your bud-

dy, he's just an early bloomer. If you wait a couple of years, chances are your pud will blossom too. If it doesn't, you could have a glandular problem, in which case you should see an endocrinologist. Even then I hear these things can be treated pretty easily. Or maybe you could use a long string and a heavy object. And when you're with a lady, remember the old cliché: It's not the size of the wand but the magic of the performer.

DEAR GRANNY: My little brother is only 13 and too young to read HUSTLER, but I told him about you, and he asked me to send you this question. He's got kind of an embarrassing problem. He may look like a little boy, but his dick is almost six inches long already. What should he do?

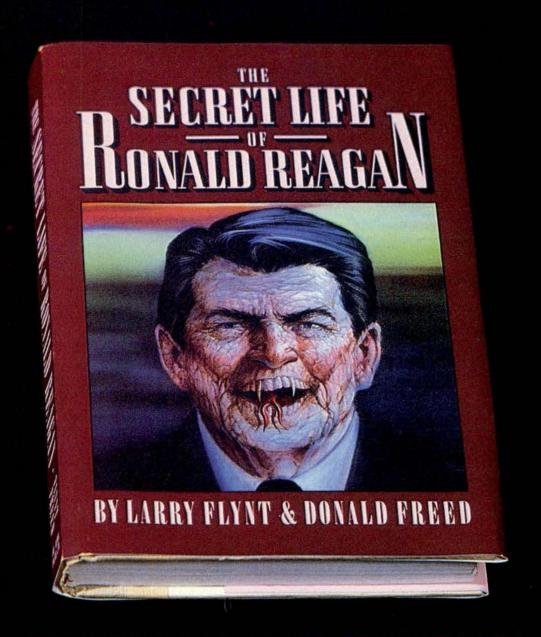
-"Little" Al's Brother Beverly, New Jersey

Dear Brother: Tell Al to hang in there. By the time he hits high school, I'm sure he'll be making a lot of cheerleaders very happy.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 19-year-old convict who'll be locked up for three years. When I was out on the street, I got a lot of pussy. Now that I'm in the tank, I can only get "state pussy"—in other words, asshole. But when I tried to fuck a punk—a faggot who puts out for horny inmates—my cock went totally limp. Why did this happen? And how am I going to be able to get off in prison? —Limp Con Sharpes, Florida

Dear Limp: As my Uncle Bill used to say, "An asshole by any other name would still smell like shit." Honey, what you've got is a healthy heterosexual appetite for bonafide pussy, and no prison-made substitute will do. If you want a time-honored way to get off in the joint, just turn to the centerfold in this issue, then take out your pecker and start stroking. Your stay in prison will be over before you know it.

(continued on page 102)



THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK

HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt and investigative journalist Donald Freed rip the curtain of lies from the windows of the Oval Office to reveal the corrupt politics of its occupant. With the same uncompromising spirit that Larry brings to HUSTLER, the authors uncover Ronald Reagan's longtime links with organized crime, major drug traffickers and extreme right-wing groups like the Ku Klux Klan. Secret Life also explores Reagan's rise to power: from his back-stabbing Hollywood days as the head of the Screen Actors Guild to his fascistic reign as governor of California all the way to

the White House, where he is attempting to establish a government of, by and for the powerful corporate and reactionary political interests that swept him into office. The meticulously researched biography contrasts Ronnie's trumped-up media image with the hidden menace he really presents, and every American who cares about his country and his freedom should read it. You can pick up a copy at your local bookstore or send \$15-postage paid-to HUSTLER Productions (P.O. Box 67800-5285, Los Angeles, CA 90067). Find out how close we are to kissing democracy goodbye!

The Sinister Truth Every American Should Know



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

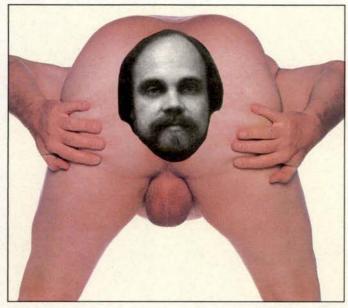
Picture this: You're watching the Super Bowl. On the first play from scrimmage Raiders quarterback Jim Plunkett drops back to pass. As he's about to release the ball, two Redskin linebackers hurtle toward him. At the moment of crunching impact the picture goes blank and is replaced by a "happy face" over the words "Warning: The Surgeon General has determined that violence is hazardous to your emotional health."

Sound ridiculous? Maybe not. Such an extreme example could happen if our October Asshole of the Month, Dr. Thomas Radecki, succeeds in cramming his warped beliefs down the throats of impressionable lawmakers.

This misguided shrink is chairperson of the National Coalition on Television Violence, a pressure group that monitors TV shows for alleged acts of brutality and prints its findings in a newsletter mailed to thousands of media outlets. That may sound commendablesince nobody in his right mind would advocate senseless violence. But when you look closely at Radecki and his organization, it becomes obvious that their real goal is the most hateful notion of all-censorship.

In a barefaced attempt to intimidate advertisers, he raised eyebrows earlier this year-and garnered substantial news coverage-by denouncing Walt Disney cartoons aired on TV as being too violent for children. Previously Radecki and company had blasted rock videos and such harmless shows as The Fall Guy, The A-Team and Dukes of Hazzard for the same reason.

Dr. Thomas Radecki



No longer content to bully the TV industry, he recently attacked Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom, Steven Spielberg's popular fantasy-adventure film. "There is no doubt that this movie is another step in desensitizing a whole nation and [the] world to murder and violence," Radecki said, appealing for a change in rating that would forbid anyone under 17 from viewing Indiana Jones without a parent present. "There is no doubt in my mind that this movie is highly successful at increasing the likelihood that one will use violence when confronted with a difficult situation. It should have been X-rated."

His group then proceeded to list

194 specific examples of violence in the picture, including:

"Jones wrestles bad guy.... Jones is thrown on a cart. . . . Jones forced to jump out window with girl to escape. . . . Reckless driving endangering many lives. . . . Elephant throws Willie to ground and sprays her with water. . . . Woman is frightened at campgrounds with screams of fear due to snakes, lizards and vampire-bat attacks. . . . Two dead skeletons fall out of wall.... Skeletons frighten girl.... Jones forced to drink evil blood. . . . Child maharaja weakens Jones by stabbing voodoo doll....Jones face grabbed.... Trio chased in mine carts by bad guys.... Jones

causes cart of bad guys to jump track.... Crocodiles in water very hungry with close-up of gaping jaws...."

The final item of "violence"— #194-is a doozy. "Indiana Jones uses his whip to catch the walkingaway Willie around her neck and draws her in. She gives in to his irresistible masculine power, and they kiss in wonderful romantic love."

We'll pause while you pick yourself up from the floor and stop laughing. Can you believe such lamebrained horseshit? Anyone who interprets the escapist fun in *Indiana Jones* as overly violent has problems that should be worked out on the analyst's couch–rather than inflicting them on the public.

We always thought that exercising the freedom of choice-turning the TV on or off, or shelling out \$5 for a movie or staying away-was a fairly reliable way of demonstrating what people want in the way of entertainment. But censors like Radecki and his vigilante coalition think otherwise.

If the Radeckis of this world succeed in their bully-boy assaults on TV and movies, what's next? Books? Magazines like HUSTLER? Newspapers? Thoughts? Censorship is an ugly word-even when the censor's motives are supposedly for the general good. It's even uglier when acts of direct or indirect censorship are based on silly notions such as those voiced by Thomas Radecki.

Free choice is one of the individual rights that has made this country great. But that doesn't appear to be good enough for Radeckiunless it's his choice to influence what we watch, read and think.

FARTS IN THE WIND

While Dr. Thomas Radecki took "top" honors this month, other contemptible individuals and groups are worthy of mention on this page. They are October's Farts in the Wind.

PENNSYLVANIA ROUNDTABLE has claimed credit for PENN DAIRIES' decision to stop selling adult magazines in its 13 York County Pensupreme Grocerettes. The repressive pressure group had threatened to boycott the chain if the convenience stores continued to sell the publications. But the day before the boycott was to begin, the magazines were removed. Penn Dairies spokeswoman Nancy Frankhouser said, "We're doing it because it's the right thing to do, not because of any incident or outside

pressure." Who's kidding whom?

University of California at Los Angeles faculty member LYNNE ZUCKER recently barred one of our editors, Lonn M. Friend, from speaking at a seminar for career-seeking sociology students. Zucker, a devout feminist, refused to share billing with the 1979 UCLA graduate. As far as we're concerned, Lynne can go Zuck herself.

Bible-thumpers and antiporn fanatics

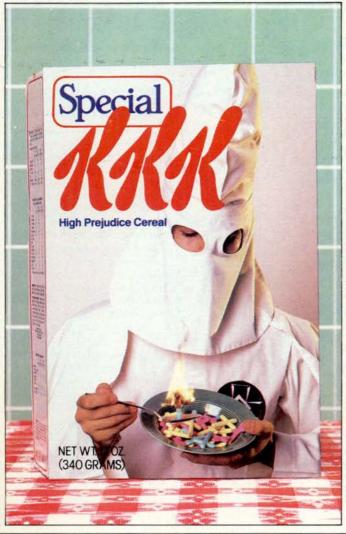
in northern Ohio have a new hero in Bellevue's MAYOR GEORGE SMITH. When service-station owner Frank Watson announced plans to open an adult-book shop in that community, His Honor vowed to put him out of business. For starters, Smith ordered all city vehicles to buy their gas elsewhere. Seeing the handwriting on the wall, Watson reluctantly caved in to the bluenoses. Feeding his family came first.

Soul Food

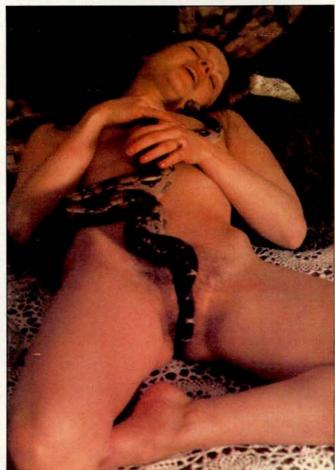
as the snap, crackle and pop gone out of your breakfast? Try new Special KKK, the all-natural cross-shaped cereal made from the burned bodies of Southern Negro sharecroppers. No preservatives! Whether eaten with milk and a banana or straight out of

the box, one ounce provides all the daily racist requirements necessary to keep a healthy white American male on the go to those important Klan functions.

So when you feel like sinking your teeth into something that can't bite back, pour yourself a heaping bowl of Special KKKthe official cereal of the 1984 South African Olympic team.







o, this isn't Nastassja Kinski-the sensuous star of *Cat People* and of a popular poster in which she posed with a python. It's really *Debbie: Snake Snatch* from the October '75 HUSTLER. That was nine years ago, and it just shows how far ahead of the times we are at HUSTLER. Since then we've continued to bring you the finest-looking women in any magazine—even if they can't all be a piece of asp like Debbie.

Give Us a Break

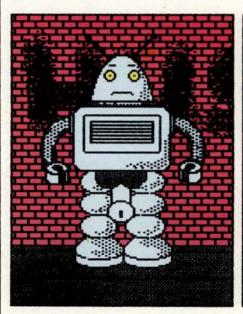
omer Henderson never had a sense of rhythm, but that didn't stop this showy longhaul trucker from breakdancing like there's no tomorrow. Unfortunately, Homer's such a klutz that one by one he's fractured more bones than a broncobuster. With typical moxie he claims that a newly fitted body cast has improved his pathetic performance: "Some folks call me the big daddy of breakdancing," Homer says, "even though I look like a mummy."

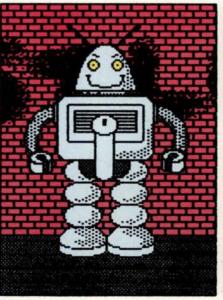


This Pub's for Jews

hose hot, dry summer days can cause a thirst like you wouldn't believe-especially if you're an overheated Hebrew. So what better way to take a load off your feet and mingle with members of the tribe than a visit to your neighborhood Jews Bar. (You should pardon the expression.) Such a spread of food! They serve everything that Yiddishe mamas do-from chopped liver to matzoh-ball soup to two-cents-plain. And just like at home, everything's guaranteed to give you heartburn. For a real treata free glass of wine direct from Tel Aviv. Tell them Sammy Davis Ir. sent you









Nuts (& Bolts)

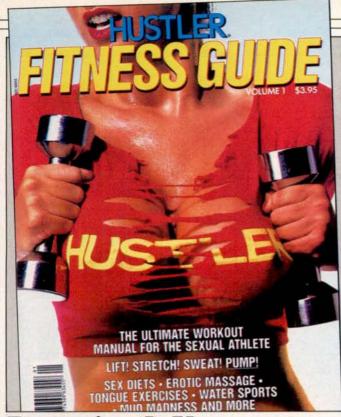
ook! Up on the page. Is it a bird? Is it a plane? Is it a glorified trash compactor?

No, it's Peter the Robot. He comes

faster than a speeding bullet and can impregnate office machinery at a distance of 50 yards. And best of all, he's always hard as steel. . . .

We'd like to thank the reader who sent this

computer-generated cartoon in to us, and we'll be sure to keep his secret identity to ourselves. After all, if word got out, every home computer in his neighborhood would be trying to plug into his terminal.



Pumping It Up

e at HUSTI.ER have always been firm believers in the importance of a healthy body. Eating well (and being eaten), getting it regular (plenty of exercise, that is) and early to bed/early to rise (and staying risen, all night if possible) has always been the philosophy we live by. Now you can too
-with the HUSTLER FITNESS
GUIDE, the ultimate workout
manual for the sexual athlete.

Send \$3.95 plus 50¢ (\$1 for multiple orders) for postage and handling to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



Hard Job

After carefully reading The 100 Best Companies to Work for in America, almost every one of our 250 employees was shocked that the authors failed to mention Larry Flynt Publications. Just to give you an idea why we think LFP

should have been included, check out this candid snapshot of the office New Year's Eve party.

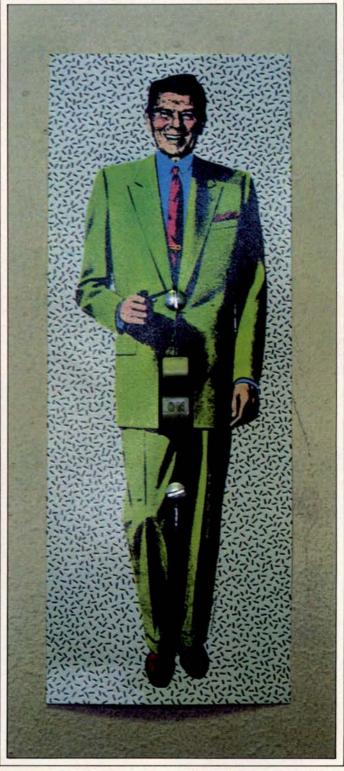
With fringe benefits like this, nobody minds having to comply with company policy that specifies all women come to work nude and all men leave daily samples of their sperm at the front desk. Big deal . . . you can't have everything.

Flipping the Switch

as the man in the Oval Office been darkening your days too? Well, now you can do a little something about it with the "Ronnee Raygun Light Switch Plate Cover." Turn him on when you come in, and old Ronnee will personally brighten up your room. What a feeling of power!

It's like having your finger on the "pulse" of America. But the best part is that you get to flip him off when you leave.

To get your handle on America's politics, just send \$1 plus 50¢ for postage and handling to Electro-Pop Designs Inc. (3309½ Mission St., #220, San Francisco, CA 94110).



All the Dirt Nobody Else Will Print

Sex News Bits Final

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

Portland, OR-Political newcomer J. E. Clark, a tavern owner once criticized as a "born-again pagan" by the mayor of Portland for his irreverent religious views, says he scored an upset victory in this year's mayoral race because "voters want a change." Clark,

whose major claim to fame was having once flashed a statue to plug an art museum, felt that a poster of that overt display helped his campaign. Is this the beginning of a new trend in politics? If so, we have a few women we'd love to nominate for President.



No Penalty for Early Withdrawal

London, England-A man who has sex with a consenting woman is guilty of raping her if he refuses to stop when she's had enough, according to a ruling by Great Britain's Privy Council. The court upheld the rape conviction of a man whose lawyer argued that there was no rape, since there was no forced entry. What do you expect from a country that drinks its beer warm?

Military Mooning

Greenham, England-A busload of servicemen mooned Lady Caroline Lowell as they passed her at Greenham Common Missile Base. "The sight of a row of military anuses pressed against the windows was not a pleasant one," said Lady Caroline, a 53year-old writer who was gathering research at the base. Maybe she would have been happier if the soldiers had turned around and given her a short-arm salute.

Spa Humbug

Washington, DC-Conservative Senator Roger Jepsen (R-Iowa) admitted to visiting a sex club, claiming he mistakenly believed it was a health spa-despite a membership-application notice clearly stating that "nude encounters" were part of the bargain. "I saw it was not what I thought it was," Jepsen said in his defense. "I saw it was a seedy place. I left immediately." We can't argue with Jepsen-or with the people who insist that they buy HUSTLER just to read the articles.

WAC-ING OFF

Orlando, FL-Miss Buxley, the bosomy secretary who makes the General's eyes pop as she bounces through the Beetle Bailey comic strip, has brought so many complaints from readers that cartoonist Mort Walker said he may discharge her from the Army. Because the editors deemed them "offensive," the Orlando Sentinel refused to run recent panels showing Beetle, Sergeant Snorkel and others watching a wet-Tshirt contest on television. If Miss Buxley does get the boot, we're sure we could find a place for her on our pages-provided she's willing to show a little pink.



Obscene and Not Heard

Van Nuys, CA-Cal Vista Video has begun marketing captioned hard-core videocassettes for the hearing-impaired. A company spokesman suspects that even those with normal hearing will get an extra-special thrill out of seeing the dialogue in printed form. We'd prefer to wait until they release the Braille version.

Morning Seasickness

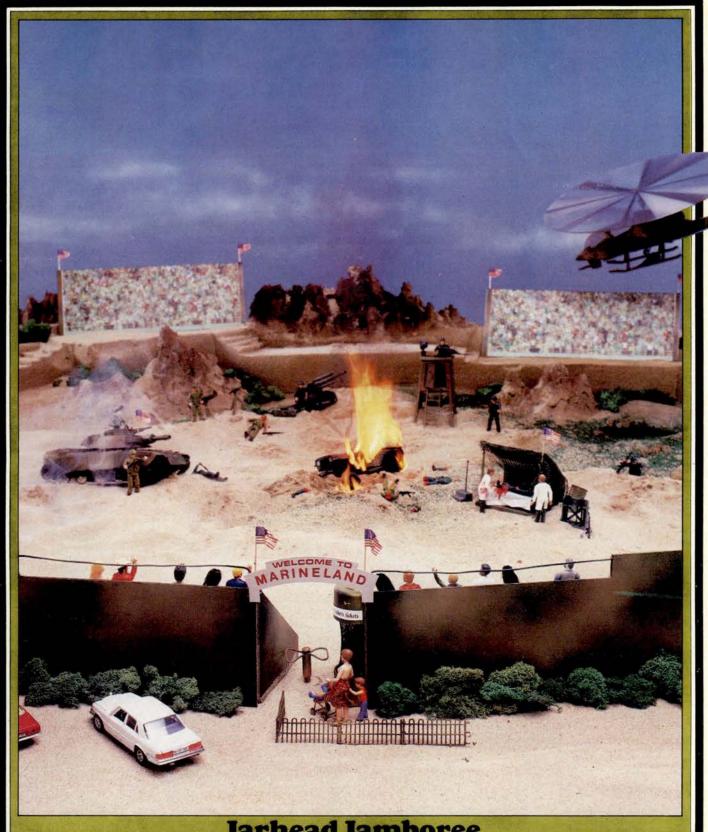
Annapolis, MD-A pregnant midshipman has resigned from the U.S. Naval Academy-the first ever to leave the school for that reason. Her resignation, 37 days short of graduation, prevented the administration from taking disciplinary action against the woman. What are the chances she'll be naming the child after the entire Seventh Fleet?

THENEWN JMBER 1

Atlanta, GA-Forget about gonorrhea, syphilis and herpes. Chlamydia has taken over as America's Number 1 sexually transmitted disease-claiming more victims annually than the other three infections combined. Not only does chlamydia cause intense itching and burning

while a victim urinates, but it also attacks the lymph glands, causes eye inflammations and leads to sterility. One out of every 20 Americans has it, and you could very well be next on the list. So look twice the next time you scratch your dick . . . it may not be a mosquito bite.





ired of taking your vacation in the same old place? Now there's a new tourist attraction you can go to-Marineland! See the ex-

ploits of our boys as they storm their way to victory. Be there as they kill innocent women and children to make the world safe for democracy. Cheer when

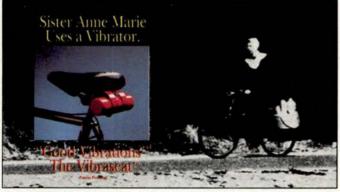
American F-4s sweep down from the sky and make confetti out of anything that moves. Your kids will love it-and so will you. So come to either of Ma-

rineland's beautiful locations in Lebanon or El Salvador-or the soon-to-be-opened Marineland of Nicaragua. It's the real antidote for civilization.

SEX IN MEDIA

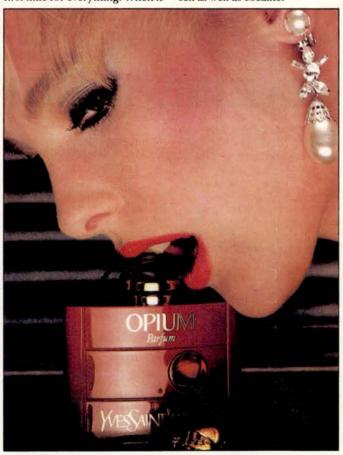
TRUTH IN ADVERTISING?—We heard that they were becoming more lenient in the Catholic Church, but this is ridiculous. Not wearing habits is okay by us. Doing a little dancing on Saturday night is fine too. But nuns using vibrators? Where will it ever

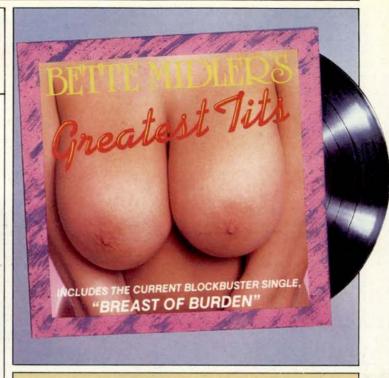
end? Priests in porn films? The Pope endorsing condoms? Every time we suggest anything like that, we get slapped with a law-suit—or worse. So we're not going to say another word about the ad below, which recently appeared in *Penthouse*.



OPEN-MOUTHED-We've seen it done with bananas, and we've seen it done with Popsicles, but we've never seen it done with a bottle of perfume! Well, there's a first time for everything. When it

comes to advertising, the people at Yves Saint Laurent obviously have a head for dollars and scents. They hope the phallic push will help Opium perfume sell as well as cocaine.





Porn From the Past



ong before modern musicians used synthesizers to produce weird sounds, drummers were forced to make do with whatever was at hand. Buddy "Sticks" Burgoyne, one of the pioneers in the field, is shown here practicing a tribal beat on Mildred "Hot Lips" Swarthout—the legendary soprano noted for her ability to out-

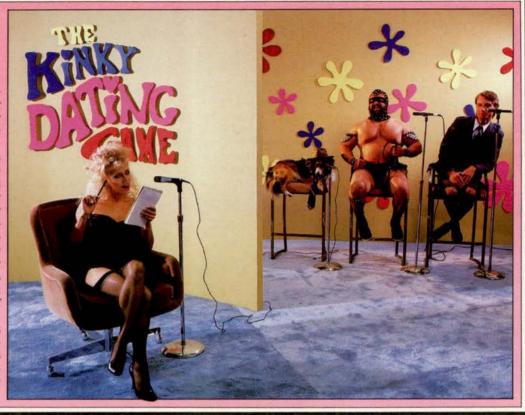
shriek anyone in the business. After going through their files, our Research Department has verified that the duo is performing "Spanks for the Memories."

If you have some old smut to knock around, mail it to Bits and Pieces (2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054). We pay \$150 for each shot we use.

Winner Gets Beaten

reat news for TV-gameshow fans: The Dating Game is back on the air in a new format attuned to the times-The Kinky Dating Game. As on the original, three unseen bachelors are asked suggestive questions by a beautiful-and willing-fluffette who eventually selects one of them to be her "special" date. But in this gamier version some of the contestants aren't even human! The winning couple is whisked away for a luxurious weekend at a private spa in Germany that specializes in exotic forms of anal/oral "discipline."

If the ratings are good, plans are in the works for *The Newly-dead Game*, in which husbands try to get their recently departed spouses to sit up and answer questions.



Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I hope being sent to bed without supper taught you a lesson. Say, where's your brother?"

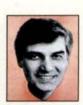
HUSTLER Update

PHONE-SEX RAGE November '83 Rita Greene's indepth article revealed how phone sex-both record-



ed and live versions-was fast becoming one of America's favorite pastimes. But last June the FCC ruled that phone-sex operators must either accept credit-card payments only or restrict their hours of service to between 9 p.m. and 8 a.m. in order to limit their access to children. The American Civil Liberties Union has protested the ruling. "Young people can take a credit card wherever they find it and use it," ACLU associate executive director Alan Reitman pointed out. "And the question of restricting service to night hours is not practical. Young people don't go to bed at 9 p.m."

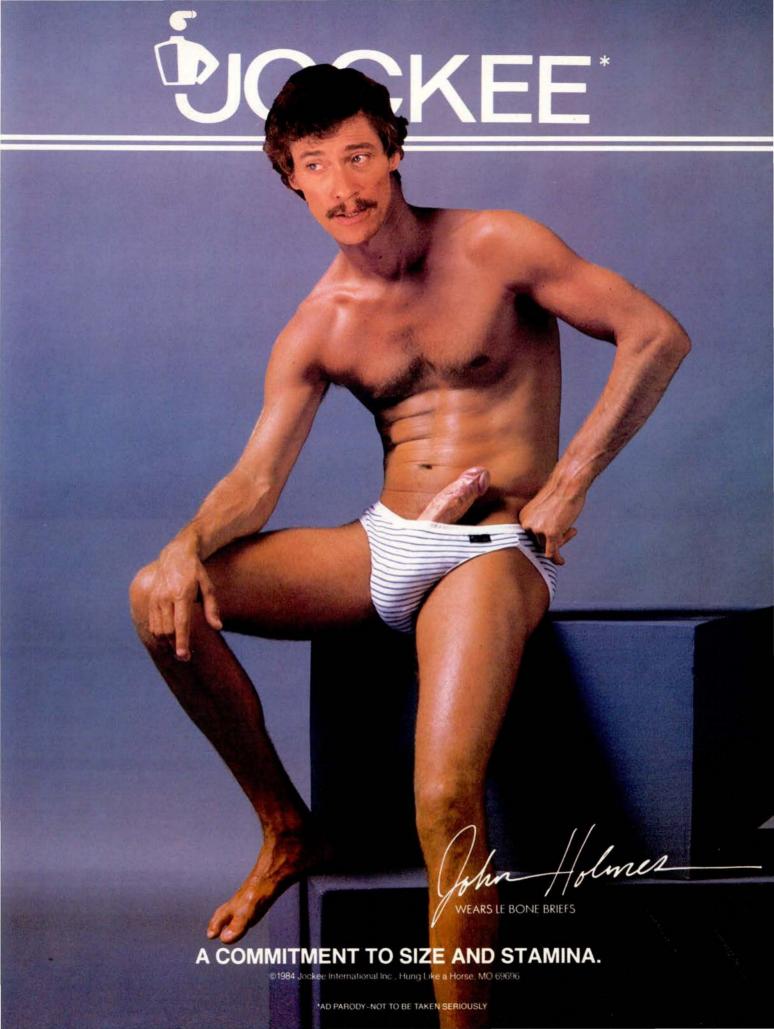
RICHARD CALIGUIRI August '84 Mayor Caliguiri, of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, was named our Ass-



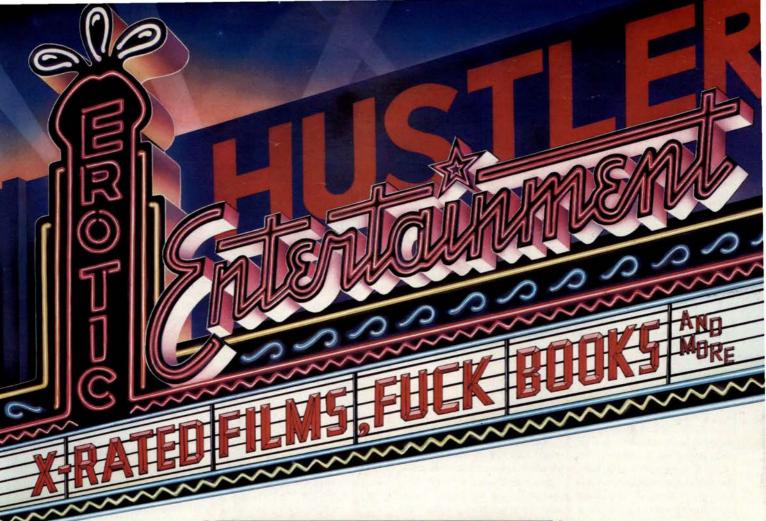
hole of the Month for taking it upon himself to run roughshod over the First Amendment by banning HUSTLER's May '84 issue. Fortunately, the American Civil Liberties Union recognized his action for what it was-illegaland took him to court. The ACLU won, but the people of Pittsburgh turned out to be the real losers. The Mayor's office was required to pay \$7,750 in court costs-and it's the taxpayers, not Caliguiri, who are footing the bill. ACLU lawyer Rochelle Friedman hopes that "there will be a backlash effort when taxpayers realize they are paying to help his reelection effort." So do we.

Contributors

HUSTLER, pays \$150 for each reader-submitted <u>Bits and Pieces</u> item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one <u>B&P</u> item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For October, \$150 goes to Bret Broaddus and Ken Montgomery HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.







X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Insatiable II

Fully Erect. Produced and directed by Godfrey Daniels; written by Manny Haten; starring Marilyn Chambers, Juliet Anderson, Paul Thomas, Valerie LaVeaux, Shanna McCullough, Jamie Gillis, Janey Robbins, Craig Roberts and Bobby Dee. Running time: 80 minutes.

Marilyn Chambers's popularity pivots on her ability to convince us that she lives for and



Marilyn Chambers on her knees again: Still insatiable after all these years.

loves sex more than any other woman on Earth. People flock to her films for one thing and one thing only: to see the former Ivory Snow girl fuck her brains out. Consequently-and because she chooses to make so few moviesany new Chambers feature is an event. Well, here's the good news for loyal fans who have been eagerly awaiting her return to the blue screen. Marilyn is back in all her moaning, groaning, thrashing, bucking, screaming, panting, begging-for-more glory-and the porn-film world is all the richer.

As befits a star of her magnitude, much care has been taken to show her off to the best advantage: Direction, photography, art direction and sound are all first-rate. The only elements not up to snuff are some acting and the way the plot unfolds. After a ball-burning opening sex sequence between Chambers and Paul Thomas, we are nearly put to sleep by a series of scenes intended to advance the storyline. but they only make us wonder if we're still watching the same movie. Happily, as soon as Chambers begins lusting for Juliet Anderson, there's not a limp dick in the house.



Juliet Anderson coming clean in the sex-drenched 'Insatiable II.'

Chambers recreates her *Insatiable* role as actress/model Sandra Chase, and the ever-delectable Anderson plays a journalist writing an in-depth story who moves into Chase's mansion to be closer to her subject. From then on this epic is sheer sex.

Chambers hasn't changed a bit; she's as ravenous as ever. She fucks Anderson's photographer, played by Bobby Dee (whose cock ranks respectably somewhere between Ron Jeremy's and John Holmes's); she fucks her business manager (Thomas); she dives into Anderson's snatch in a scorching lesbian scene that turns into a threeway with Dee. She also finds time for her standing appointment with mean-man Jamie Gillis in his S&M dungeon. In this electrifying scene, Gillis ties her up and works her over with cool and sadistic precision. Chambers struggles deliciously as Jamie methodically slaps, teases, drips hot wax on her and then comes on her face. Only Gillis could play this scene so well, and no one but Chambers could enjoy it so much.

One of the hottest scenes in the film was lifted from the first Insatiable: the famous pool-table sequence when Chambers loses her virginity to rough, tough David Morris. In this classic encounter she writhes, pants, whimpers and gasps in ecstasy as Morris plunges relentlessly into her.

Of course, there are several sex scenes without Chambers, but it's her crotch-popping lust and sexual energy that are the prime attractions of this picture.

Welcome back, Marilyn. Come again—and again.—D. O.



Every Woman Has a Fantasy

Fully Erect. Produced by Sandra Winters; directed by Edwin Brown; written by Sandra Winters and Edwin Brown; starring Rachel Ashley, John Leslie, Kristara Barrington, Shantell Day, Lisa George, Erica Boyer, Martina Nation, Robert Byrne, Blake Palmer and Francois Dumas. Running time: 90 minutes.

Let's get this out of the way right now: Every Woman Has a Fantasy is one of the most erotic films ever made. Not only that, but it has an intelligent script, above-average acting, and it manages to be genuinely funny without allowing the humor to get in the way of the sex. Far too few porn films seem really well-suited to being viewed by couples. Well, this is one that will make your honey as horny as you. (If she pleads "headache" after watching this, she deserves aspirin.)

The story revolves around Teri (Rachel Ashley) and four women friends who meet at each others' homes to share and discuss their sexual fantasies. One night in bed Teri tells her husband, Ben (John Leslie), what the ladies have been discussing. Turned on



'Insatiable II': Chambers opens wide with a little help from Jamie Gillis.



'Every Woman': Erica Boyer lends a hand as John Leslie plugs Lisa George.

by the idea of women talking frankly about sex, Leslie gets Ashley to tell him one of the fantasies from the last meeting. He becomes so intrigued that he per-



Rachel Ashley ignites Martina Nation in 'Every Woman Has a Fantasy.'

suades her to smuggle a tape recorder into the next session so he can hear for himself. Aroused by the playback, Leslie pounds his pud feverishly into Ashley. For the next meeting at their house he convinces his wife to let him hide in the hall closet so he can watch the women's faces.

Although spying on the ladies while hearing their fantasies is better than listening to a recording, it's still not enough. The only thing that will satisfy him is to be there in the room with them. And the only way to do that is by-you guessed it-putting on a dress and pretending to be one of the girls. Dustin Hoffman couldn't have done it any better.

Sitting in on the fantasy session has its consequences. Leslie learns of his wife's fantasy that turned into a reality-a secret sexual interlude with another couple (Robert Byrne and sultry Martina Nation). Despite being hurt by this revelation, Leslie is also aroused by the story—as are the others who decide to experiment with the joys of lesbian sex.

Leslie's predicament, of course, is that he's supposed to be a woman too. Dazzling Lisa George (who turns in a terrific performance as Cheryl, dreaming about having sex in public) is the first to find out otherwise. As she begins to slide her hand slowly underneath Leslie's dress, she mutters, "I feel so crazy doing this." Leslie's zippy response is, "If you reach a little higher, you'll feel nuts."

From start to finish, this superbly crafted film masterfully integrates a clever story with throbbing sex scenes whose sensuality and eroticism are heightened by camerawork that seems to put the viewer right into the picture. This one is definitely top-notch. Don't miss it.

-D. O.

Studhunters

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Suze Randall; written by Humphrey Knipe; starring Misty Mallory, Pippi Anderssen, Mark Wallace, Michael Morrison, Desiree Lane, Kaviar, Lisa Laroo, Amy Allison, Greg Derek, Joanna Storm, Randy West, Craig Roberts, Dick Turpin, David Cannon, Blake Palmer, Stephen Douglas and Paul Barresi. Running time: 75 minutes.

This flick won't win any awards for its script or acting, but its cool, slick look and the abundance of fucking by its stars more than compensate for any weaknesses. Producer/director Suze Randall has rounded up some incredibly hot performers and manages to pull out of them their hottest sexual performances ever.

The plot-elementary enough

to be understood by even the most retarded raincoater-centers around photographer Randy Fox's (Misty Mallory) need to recruit new studs for some upcoming porn-magazine boy/girl layouts. She spreads the word to her horniest female models, who drop everything to go studhunting.

The models are so conscientious that they not only find the studs, they audition them. The one who hits the jackpot is newcomer Pippi Anderssen, who proves she's more than just another pretty slit when she encounters five super-hung bodybuilders and goes down on them with the intensity of a finalist in the Linda Lovelace Grand National Suck-Off. After the preliminaries are over, the guys give



'Studhunters': Two models demonstrate the demands of their profession.

Anderssen a workout that would make Jane Fonda gasp. This Scandinavian Venus takes their cocks in her mouth, her cunt and her hands and brings her studs off like a true champ-glorying in the geysers of cum that drench her angelic body.

Although the other models only have to cope with one stud each, their sex scenes (including some sizzling sapphic pussy-munching between muff-maniacs Mallory and Kaviar) are no less rod-raising, particularly the scorching encounter between Trashi Blonde (Joanna Storm) and her stud, Randy West. After a riveting preliminary blowjob Storm climbs onto West and slides up and down on his shaft with such intensity that her pussy lips ripple. Most notable, however, is the finale, a rough-andtumble no-holds-barred fuck between Mallory and Craig

Roberts. When Mallory begs him to come on her tits, Roberts sneers, "I was thinking more like on your face." They fuck with such energy and animal abandon that the bed breaks. It's a fitting finish to a high-voltage film. -D. O. voltage film.

An **Unnatural** Act

One-Quarter Erect. Produced and written by Jerry Ross; directed by Tim McDonald; starring John Leslie, Desiree Lane, Eric Edwards, Kimberly Carson, Ron Jeremy, Bridgette Monet, Crystal Sheldon, Misty Reagan and Tanya Lawson. Running time: 80 minutes.

Very few characters in this supernatural comic fantasy pay much attention to the unexplainable things that happen to them. The lack of reaction takes most of the punch out of many comic scenes and destroys the believability the plot works overly hard to create. In the right hands an X-rated ghost story contains a wide range of possibilities for funny situations and imaginative sexual encounters. Unfortunately, this ghost story fell into the wrong hands. Except for a couple of instances, the sex-what there is of it-is conventional and mechanical instead of imaginative. And the comedy isn't much better.

Here's what happens: Musician Michael Foley (John Leslie) is killed when his motorcycle is knocked off the road by a car. Two months later his ghost drops in on his girlfriend (Desiree Lane), an actress who-at that very moment-is in the process of being laid by a coldhearted, conceited producer (Eric Edwards). Shocked by Leslie's appearance, Lane faints. The producer (in the



Bridgette Monet takes it lying down from Crystal Sheldon in 'An Unnatural Act.



'Unnatural': Tanya Lawson gets a titillating massage from Ron Jeremy.

because she's overwhelmed by the size of his cock.

Later, Leslie suggests that he and Lane pick up where they left off, but as much as she misses him, she won't fuck a ghost. It would be . . . unnatural. But Leslie just won't go away. He hangs around and does weird things to people until he finally comes up with an idea on how to get back into Lane: He borrows a car, forces Edwards off the road. then takes over Edwards's dead body and-we're expected to believe-lives happily ever after with Lane.

Aside from the flaws mentioned earlier, this plot has holes big enough to shove Ron Jeremy's cock through sideways. But even more serious, far too much time is wasted developing the plot, and far too little is spent on the most important element of all-the fucking and sucking. This could have been a passable film had there been more-and bettersex. Unfortunately, the filmmakers put all their eggs in the basket labeled "story," scrambled them into a frying pan-and forgot to light the fire.



able on videocassettes. Fully Erect

Alexandra Dixie Ray-Hollywood Star Firestorm Fleshdance Golden Girls **Hot Pursuit HUSTLER Video Magazine #1** Maneaters Night Hunger Reel People Rx for Sex Sexcapades Suzie Superstar That's Outrageous

This column lists and rates erotic films re-

viewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing

at a theater in your neighborhood, or avail-

Three-Quarters Erect

All American Girls in Heat Bubblegum Corruption Female Sensations Girlfriends Hypersexuals Never Sleep Alone Piggy's **Playing With Fire** Pleasure So Deep Temptation Unthinkable

Half Erect

Babylon Blue Between Lovers Eat at the Blue Fox Flashpants Pleasure Zones **Private Moments** Show Your Love Smoker Sulka's Wedding That's My Daughter

One-Quarter Erect

Let's Talk Sex **Sweet Young Foxes** The Challenge of Desire When She Was Bad

Totally Limp

A Bit Too Much Too Soon **Bodacious Ta Ta's** Virginia

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT A well-made film.

HALF ERECT So-so. Limited appeal. ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much. TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 9,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Pretty as You Feel

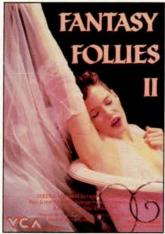
(Atom Home Video) Forget the title, which has nothing to do with the action, forget the uneven sound, and forget the annoying dubbed voices during some of the sex scenes—this crotch-burning video has so much hot, almost-nonstop sex, you wouldn't care if it had even more shortcomings than it does. The plot is



simple: Baby-faced Tom Byron hasn't had a hard-on since his wife divorced him two years earlier; so he seeks out a sex therapist (sultry Ginger Lynn) to help his pecker stand up again. Lynn suggests that observing some of the sexual encounters that take place at her clinic will go a long way toward curing his problem-but no luck. It isn't until the end of the story that the doctor herself succeeds in coaxing two years' worth of pent-up cum out of the grateful patient's once-limp dick. Although watching did nothing for Byron, it will do a lot for you. Pretty as You Feel features a cast of 14 fuck-hungry performers whose sexual acrobatics are guaranteed to keep your flag flying from start to finish. This jismdrenched sexcapade will more than satisfy the in-and-outers. But there are two other highlights for those with more specialized tastes: Lynn receiving an ecstatic poop-chute pounding from Jerry Butler, and a spectacular threeway that features brunet bimbette Debbie Northrup taking two cocks in her snatch at once. This one's a scorcher, no doubt about it. —D.O.

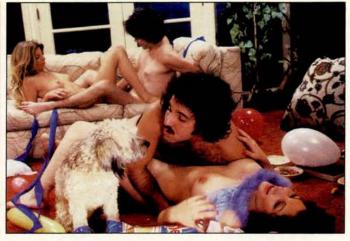
Fantasy Follies II

(Video Company of America) It's difficult to decide whether this video is more ridiculous or boring. It's supposed to be a look at the wacky world of adult films, but most of the supposedly zany situations are tired and just not funny. There are, however, a few interesting sex bouts (notably a steamy insert of a Kay Parker-Eric Edwards fuck scene and some almost-mouth-watering pussy-nibbling by Becky Savage and Serena), but it's not enough to save this disappointing venture from being done in by its own failed attempts at humor. With few exceptions the vignettes in FF II are nothing but a big yawn. The best that you can expect from this attempt at hardcore is a soft-on.



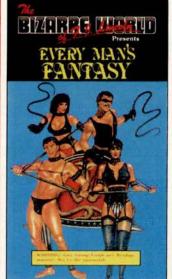
Every Man's Fantasy

(Video Home Library) Here's a bondage tape that's so realistic,



'Fantasy Follies II': Fido and Ron Jeremy discuss favorite bone-burying techniques.

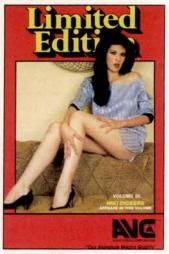
watching it will make you want to sign right up for Blue Cross.



This bizarre full-length shot-onvideo odyssey opens with four men fantasizing about the untried pleasures of being tied up and pussywhipped into the ozone by a gang of sex-hungry women. One of the men (Spike) is abducted by a sexy leather-clad blonde (Joanna Storm) and is subsequently tied up in her bondage dungeon. Storm and her kinkcrazed accomplices (Tiffany Clark, Jean Silver, Ann Pierce and China Wong) suspend Spike by his hands and feet, gag him, put a hood over his head and, among other tortures, proceed to paddle his balls until they turn bright red. Spike really bites the bullet when the five sadistic sluts bring themselves off while shoving an eight-inch dildo up his ass. The action is all too believable, and unless you're really into this scene, it might be best to heed the warning on the box: "Not for the squeamish." - Jack Mortimer

Limited Edition #26

(Adult Video Corporation) Hotter than most Limited Edition compilations, this hourlong videoloop boasts enough wet moments to warrant a place in your collection. Of the four vignettes in this tape the one involving bosomy Niki Dickers is the most substantial as far as pure down-and-dirty raunch goes. Wanting to give her boyfriend the ultimate birthday gift, naughty Niki offers up her homely-but-horny female friend, Diana. The ensuing threeway is a real ball-burner, made extra enticing by the graceful swaying of young Niki's bounteous breasts.

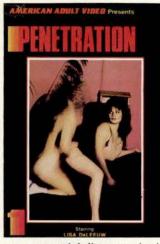


The final blackout featuring a sexercising lass and her rock-hard stud, however, serves as a fitting climax to this better-than-average hard-core loop collection.

-Kent Smith

Penetration 1

(Adult Video Corporation) This sex-drenched assortment of fea-



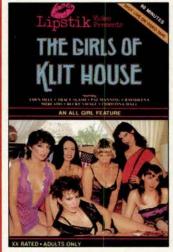
turettes certainly lives up to its title. The first segment opens with the tape's biggest star-sensuous, full-bodied Lisa DeLeeuw-revealing her giant tits to an adoring fan who comes knocking on her dressing-room door for an autograph. He gets more than a glimpse at her massive knockers, however, and much more than just an autograph in this bonestiffening encounter.

Four more equally stimulating vignettes round out the video, which boasts something for almost everyone: two hot-and-heavy boy/girl scenes, a delicious lesbian-action segment and a sensational double-penetration session that features the ever-delectable Gail Meyer getting her cunt and ass filled by two husky dudes. Meyer throws herself into the double-rod job with such a frenzied passion that she probably never heard director Jack Genero yell "Cut!"

Thanks to Genero's no-nonsense approach, *Penetration 1* is an honest and unpretentious video offering-qualities that other adult-film directors would do well to imitate. -J.M.

The Girls of Klit House

(Lipstik Video) This lez-action video isn't up to Lipstik's usual standards—the sex is lackluster, and the girls are less gorgeous than we've come to expect. The only thing this sapphic sex tape has going for it is slightly overthe-hill (but definitely triple-hot) Pat Manning, whose appearance really makes things sizzle. As "Dean Primmly," Manning is kidnapped by the five horny "sorority" girls she's decided to expel for taking too much time away from their studies to enjoy the

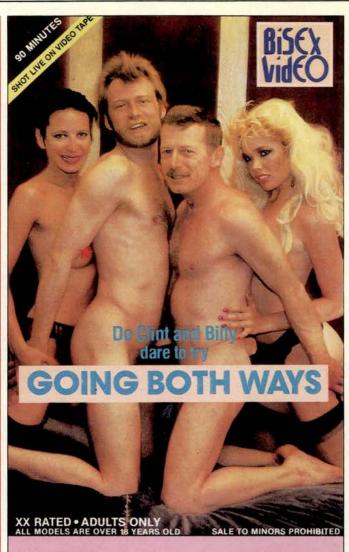


various pleasures of pussymunching. Once caught in their clutches, she's forced to spread her legs for their vibrators. Manning goes wild and begs for more, and soon there isn't a dry cunt in the house. The girls all dive in, clits throbbing, for a finale that is literally dripping with love juice. If the rest of the picture had lived up to this scene, Klit House would have been a firecracker instead of a semidud.

–J.M.



Lisa DeLeeuw gives adoring fan Greg Rome something to worship in 'Penetration 1.



"BI" POPULAR DEMAND

Lesbian-action films and tapes have long been a staple of the porn industry, but until now male action (except for gay porn) has been strictly a no-no. So hold on to your raincoats, gents. Bisex Video, the first adult label to offer taped bisexual action, has just been created by Video Tape Exchange, an adventurous distributor that keeps its fingers on the throbbing pulse of the X-watching public. Because of increasing requests for this type of material, VTE has concluded that the time is right to release *Going Both Ways*, its premier full-blown, 90-minute video epic to feature bisexual fare-men and women erotically involved with members of the same sex as well as one another.

If Going Both Ways is even half the success VTE expects it to be, you can bet that other distributors will soon be introducing bi-labels of their own. Meanwhile, if this sounds as if it could be your meat, you can order Going Both Ways for \$79 (plus \$4 shipping and handling charges) from Video Tape Exchange (910 N. Fairfax Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90046).

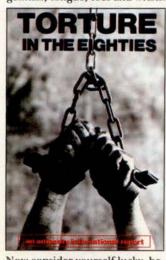
BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

Torture in the Eighties

An Amnesty International Report; Amnesty International USA, 304 W. 58th St., New York, NY 10019; \$6.95.

Imagine being suspended upside down while water is forced through your nostrils. Imagine having your eyes punctured and then wrapped with acid-soaked pads. Imagine yourself tied to a metal bed frame while electric shocks are administered to your genitals, tongue, toes and wrists.



Now consider yourself lucky, because for some unfortunates imagining is unnecessary. Torture is an everyday reality.

Most of us would think that those administering the torture are terrorists, kidnappers and wild-eyed revolutionaries bent on overthrowing legitimate governments. But according to Amnesty International, the horrifying truth is that the torturers are legitimate governments. In this disturbing but informative book, 66 countries are cited as using torture to exact information, confessions or merely to intimidate dissidents, suspected criminals and political prisoners. Although the United States comes off clean, many nations with which we have good relations-including Chile, India, Italy, Mexico, the Philippines, Saudi Arabia, Taiwan and Turkey-are among the most flagrant abusers of human rights.

Amnesty International-a worldwide movement independent of

VIEWED BREAST

FACIAL

SLANG

TEST



FRIED EGGS











NECTARINES





'Mammology': The Facial Test and Slang Term are two popular methods used by mammologists to describe breasts.

any government, political group, ideology, economic interest or religious creed-concerns itself solely with the safety, welfare and dignity of prisoners everywhere. Through reports such as this one, the organization is almost singlehandedly responsible for exposing human-rights violations around the world. In some casesnotably Brazil and Ireland-such exposure has been a successful tool in pressuring countries to investigate and reduce the incidence of torture. But there's still a long way to go.

The photographs here will turn your stomach, and the tales will break your heart. But the primary emotion they arouse is anger-that in the supposedly civilized 1980s more than one-third of the countries in the world consider themselves to be above international law and are literally getting away with murder.

Smaxton's Complete Guide to Mammology

By L. K. Smith; Smaxton Inc., P. O. Box 574, Alpharetta, GA 30201; \$4.50.

If you've ever been exposed to long, pompous scientific treatises with charts, graphs, surveys and experiments that glorify the holiness of the scientific method, this lampoon is one of the most sidesplitting you'll ever encounter. And that goes double if you're a tit man.

Mammology, the study of breasts, is one of those fields about which the author feels too little is written-even though breasts are all around us and exert an overwhelming influence on all our lives. Smith's guide encourages people to study breasts everywhere they find them, and it produces hilarious "evidence" that mammology can be pursued in such diverse areas as astrology, geography, physics, mathematics and astronomy.

For the hobbyist as well as the full-time mammologist, Smith provides instructions for taking measurements of nipple expansion at various temperatures, a discussion of breast identification, some points about nipple placement and cleavage, and a description of "mammology through the ages." There's also a long section on the technique of one-handed removal of frontand back-closing brassieres (whether fastened with snaps or hooks), as well as instructions on how to quickly remove a chastity bra (the kind with neither snaps nor hooks): Reach for the scissors.

A fitting quote introduces the guide: "To write a mighty book, you must choose a mighty theme." Thanks to the subject, Smith's slim volume is a mighty one indeed.

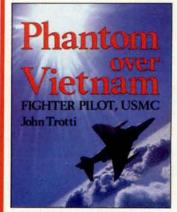
Phantom Over Vietnam

By John Trotti; Presidio Press, 31 Pamaron Way, Novato, CA 94947; \$15.95.

Reading this book must be the closest thing there is to piloting a Phantom fighter plane in combat. Everything is there: the lingo, the boredom between missions, the terror of being in a plane pursued by enemy missiles,

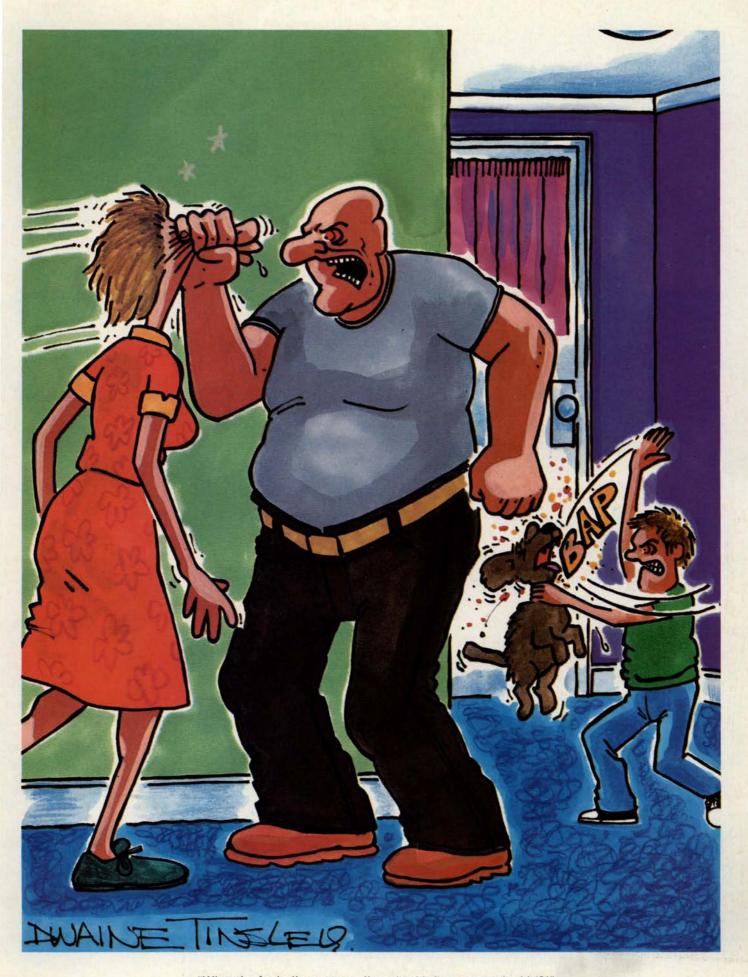
the strange serenity that accompanies a bombing raid, the exhilaration of no-holds-barred flying and the sense of loss as comrades' planes go down in flames. Trotti's descriptions are so gripping, you'll feel you're there.

What ultimately emerges, however, is a chilling portrait of the author, a man more in love with a 20-ton killing machine than he could ever be with anything living, anyone human-a man whose war experiences caused him to



bury his identity in his mission. Looking back, Trotti says, "I was essentially childlike in my love for flying; now I was a precision instrument of destruction to whom flying was an unquestioned but minor skill. I was the weapons system with a Phantom as my extension."

Based on my deepest personal belief-that it is wrong for people to kill people-I read this book with the sure knowledge that I wouldn't like it. Reading it hasn't changed my mind about killing, but as much as I'm put off by the author's cold-bloodedness, I respect his honesty about himself and his skill as a storyteller. Phantom Over Vietnam is a grabber.



"What the fuck d'you mean, I'm a bad influence on the kid?!"





adjacent to the main exhibit hall. While more than three dozen companies previewed and sold their latest hard-core videocassettes to eager retailers, pornmovie queens Marilyn Chambers, Desiree Lane and Ginger Lynn-in various stages of undress-nuzzled next to the buyers and autographed provocative photos of themselves.

The showstopping panorama proved once again that sex-as always-is big business. But even more, it symbolized the giant strides made by adult-video manufacturers. According to one market-research firm, 2 million of the 11 million videocassettes sold last year were X-

"Video has opened new doors and avenues by bringing a quality, adult-oriented product into the living room and the bedroom," says Jeff Steinman, president of Essex Video, another major producer and distributor of adult cassettes. "It has meant more money and higher quality in X-rated productions. We're no longer selling just shock value. We're now presenting our product on a silver platter. Eroticism is the key to success in this business."

It wouldn't take much to improve the quality of X-rated pictures. In the past most adult films were seedy affairs produced by sleazeballs. Even today, says

nography business simply out of economic necessity.

The best way to understand America's newest (and hottest) major industry is by following an X-rated movie from the time it's finished and in the can to the time you slide the videocassette of the film into your VCR.

When Vincent completed shooting *In Love*, at the very least he wanted to recoup his \$500,000 investment. But he was afraid that might not be possible by showing the film in adult theaters.

"The theatrical business is off now," says Vincent. "The average theatrical release brings in \$200,000, maybe a quarter of a million dollars. Video and cable have become a godsend."

Many X-rated producers now supply different forms of their films for the various new markets. "I shot four versions of *In Love*," Vincent explains. "The 'triple-X' version—the real hard-core—was for theaters and cassettes. Then there was a 'soft X' with no insertion shots. That was for theaters in Maine, Vermont, Upstate New York, the Midwest—places where the 'triple X' wouldn't have been allowed.

"I made a special hard-soft crossover version with no cum-shots to show to the mainstream critics. Finally, there was the R-rated version for theaters and cable TV. You can't just shoot different camera angles to make these different versions, you know. You have to have different action in each. In an R-rated film you don't actually see a blowjob. All you see is a woman's head bobbing up and down."

Producers who want to tap into the lucrative video market must bring their films to a cassette manufacturer. When producer and manufacturer get together, there are two ways they can deal. The producer may sell video rights to the manufacturer outright, in which case he's paid a flat fee. Or he may license his film, accepting a royalty (percentage) on each piece (videocassette cartridge) the manufacturer sells.

"When a producer sells a film outright," explains Caballero's Bloom, "it's usually because he needs quick bucks for his next picture." Some manufacturers, such as Cal Vista, own most of their films outright because they produce them themselves.

Vincent is absolutely clear about which arrangement he prefers. "I strictly license my films," he says. "I want my royalties. And I get nice, big advances."

Isn't there a danger of not getting paid? "Not anymore," says Vincent. "In the early days the business had lots of disreputable characters. Those people are almost all gone now. Outfits like Caballero and Video-X-Pix can't wait to pay you your money, because they want new product."

"Video has opened new doors by bringing a quality, adult-oriented product into the living room and bedroom. It has meant more money and higher quality in X-rated productions."

rated. Sales are expected to increase by more than 10% in 1984, and some observers project a 30% to 40% growth pattern over the next three years.

Bottom-line statistics reveal that the adult-videocassette business is presently riding the crest of a sales surge comparable to the time when television sets first achieved overwhelming popularity 30 years ago. In 1982, consumers bought as many VCRs (videocassette recorders) as they did in all previous years combined. And 1983, which saw 60,000 machines selling every week, was even better. As many as 9,000 retail outlets currently sell videotapes to VCR owners, with dozens more shops opening each day. And although it seems hard to believe, some insiders suggest that the boom in X-rated video means that HUSTLER-as well as other's men's magazines-might someday be doomed to oblivion.

"TV took 25 years to saturate the American market," says Al Bloom, president of Caballero Control Corporation, a leading producer and distributor of adult videocassettes. "We'll do it in seven to ten years. Our sales have gone up more than 400% in the past four years."

But there's one very big difference between the growing video industry and the early days of television: Pornography controls the lion's share of the videocassette market. X-rated cassettes account for as much as 40% of video sales and rentals. David Friedman of the Adult Film Association estimates that 1.6 million adult cassettes were sold last year. At an average retail price of \$80 apiece, that's \$128 million in sales.

The major beneficiaries of this homevideo explosion are the people who produce and distribute X-rated cassettes. producer/director Chuck Vincent, "There are about 100 adult films made each year, and 60 of them are no better than what was made in 1970 or '71."

Competition for the potential videomarket gold mine, however, is markedly improving the quality of recent productions. Vincent, the president of New York's Platinum Pictures, spent almost half a million dollars to produce *In Love*, the most expensive porn film ever made.

Starring Jerry Butler and Kelly Nichols, with Samantha Fox, Joanna Storm and Susan Nero in featured roles, *In Love* has been described as "the first real X-rated epic." In truth, the film's acting is wooden, its dialogue is cliché ridden, and its characters are implausible. If you can imagine a soap opera with lots of fucking, *In Love* would be it. But that's still a big step forward for adult films.

Another reason X-rated films are getting better is that cable-TV services are showing them in direct competition with network programming and major Hollywood features. The average 1960s porn film, shot in a hot-sheets motel room on a shoestring budget, wouldn't draw much of an audience when matched against Johnny Carson and *Star Wars*. Cable's demand for quality X-rated product is increasing all the time.

"We usually get up to \$50,000 for cable rights to one of our films," says Jack Gallagher, vice-president of Cal Vista Video. "A couple of years ago that would have been unthinkable."

The largest cable service, HBO, is owned by Time Inc. In 1982 Time's Video Group (which includes HBO) was so successful that it accounted for almost half of the company's profits, and Time may soon find itself forced into the por-

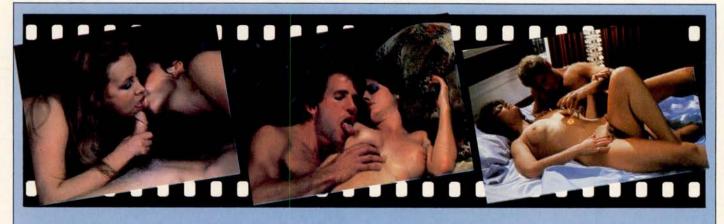
Vincent took In Love all the way across the country to Los Angeles, where he signed a licensing agreement with VCA (Video Company of America), another large manufacturer and distributor of adult video. "We're not one of those three biggest operations," says VCA's managing partner, Russ Hampshire. "I think our reputation is based on the fact that we pay our royalties, and we pay

them promptly. We send out checks every week or two." (Hollywood studios pay royalties twice a year.)

How much front money can producers actually expect? "If we advance a producer \$25,000," Hampshire says, "we have to sell 2,500 pieces, taking our cut of \$10 each to break even." Most of the time manufacturers do better than just break even on a new adult-video offering.

Sales of 5,000 to 10,000 cassettes are commonplace.

"We release one title a month, sometimes two," says Jay Shanahan, director of marketing for Essex. "We used to think that 15,000 pieces a year of one title was a good sale. Now we're about to change our thinking. In just the first six months after we released *Fleshdance*, it sold 20,000 pieces."



Titillating Tapes: The Ball-Busting Best-Sellers

Hit Parade

Here are the ten best-selling porn videotapes of all time.

1. Deep Throat (1972)—The granddaddy of 'em all. Linda Lovelace made cock-sucker a household word, then went on to become "born again."

2. Behind the Green Door (1972)—A silly plot, but Marilyn Chambers was something to see before she accumulated all that mileage.

3. The Devil in Miss Jones (1972)—Georgina Spelvin, the world's first middleaged porn actress, takes on Harry Reems, Marc (10½ inches) Stevens and a snake in this erotic something-for-everybody extravaganza.

4. The Opening of Misty Beethoven (1976)

-Jamie Gillis turns streetwalker Susan
Jensen into a centerfold girl. Voted best
picture of the year by absolutely everyone, including HUSTLER.

5. Debbie Does Dallas (1978)—The only attraction here was 18-year-old Bambi Woods; that was all it took.

6. Barbara Broadcast (1977)—Annette Haven as a celebrity hooker, with Jamie Gillis, Bobby Astyr and two of the great dirty girls of porn—Sharon Mitchell and C. J. Laing.

7. Taboo (1980)-Sultry Kay Parker seduces her teenage son, Mike Ranger, in

one of video porn's few incest films. 8. Insatiable (1980)—Just five sex scenes, but an all-star cast, including John Holmes, Marilyn Chambers, John Leslie, Serena, Mike Ranger and Jesie St. James. 9. The Devil in Miss Jones II (1983)—Comedic sequel to the 1972 classic. One of the slickest, fastest-paced porn efforts ever made, it stars Georgina Spelvin, Jack Wrangler, Joanna Storm and Jacqueline Lorians.

10. Bad Girls (1981)-Four beautiful models stumble upon some vile men who run an S&M resort. The girls suffer at the hands of Richard Pacheco, John Leslie, Ron Jeremy and others.

Bubbling Under

These smut classics haven't been available long enough to make the Top 10-but they're good bets to rise on the charts before long.

In Love (1983)—Producer/director Chuck Vincent's most-expensive-ever porn epic, starring Kelly Nichols, Jerry Butler and Tish Ambrose.

Scoundrels (1982)-Filmmaker Cecil Howard's wanton tale of infidelity, starring Ron Jeremy, Lisa Be and Tigr.

Up 'n' Coming (1983)–Marilyn Chambers plays a country singer/nymphomaniac in this *Nashville* without clothes;

also starring Lisa DeLeeuw, Cody Nicole, Richard Pacheco, Herschel Savage and John Holmes.

Video's Hot Newcomers

The following are some of the raciest new videoloop releases to hit your local stores.

Limited Edition #26–Bosomy Niki Dickers in a ball-burning threeway is only one of the many reasons to see this four-vignette, better-than-average loop collection. (See also page 32.)

Home Movies Ltd. Volume 3-An allamateur cast performs three episodes that really appeal to the voyeur in everybody. (It's better-and safer-than spying on the neighbors.) Porn's answer to Real People-and they're not acting.

Swedish Erotica Volume 44-Seka is one of the nastiest girls in the porn business. A look at this loop will show why. King Dong John Holmes puts in an appearance, and together they manage to prove how down and dirty porn stars can get.

The Party Volume II—This superhot offering by renowned photographer Ron Raffaelli has it all: cocksucking, threeways, tit-fucking and creamy cum-shots galore. The girls are beautiful and wild in this four-segment videoloop.

X-RATED VIDEO (continued from page 39)

"Who'd actually want to own a tape of <u>Patton</u>, except Richard Nixon or some kind of gun freak?"

VCA paid its biggest advance for *The Devil in Miss Jones II*. "We've guaranteed the producer \$400,000 over two years, which means that we have to sell 40,000 pieces," says Hampshire. "I don't think it's going to sell that many right away. But *Miss Jones II* is going to be a classic like *Deep Throat* or *Taboo* (the first successful X-rated incest film). It'll sell forever. That is where we expect to make our money."

Inside VCA's modest West Los Angeles warehouse the red lights on 130 VCRs shine like little stars in the dim light. Nearby, in a brightly lit cubicle, a technician hurriedly works on a damaged VCR, hoping to fix it before too much time is lost. The machines operate 24 hours a day, cranking out X-rated videocassettes. They're barely able to keep up with the advance orders from all over the country.

These are the machines that churned out copies of Vincent's In Love. The videocassettes go to another part of the warehouse for packaging. Then they are sent to the stockroom, joining tens of

thousands of other X-rated videotapes.

Sharing shelf space with *In Love* are such favorites as *Blonde Ambition*, a sex comedy highlighted by a threeway on ice skates; *Sexworld*, with an all-star cast including Lesllie Bovee, Annette Haven and Kay Parker; *Hot Teenage Assets*, a film designed with the behind in mind; and *Electric Blue*, starring Prince Andrew's favorite bit of crumpet, Koo Stark.

VCA stocks cassettes from dozens of manufacturers, all stored for immediate shipping in both Beta and VHS formats. (VHS outsells Beta 3 to 1.) "We're the largest one-stop service in the country," says Jim Holliday, who handles VCA's mail-order division. "If you ask for something we don't have in stock, we'll order it for you."

But those cassettes aren't bringing in any money by gathering dust on warehouse shelves. Manufacturers like VCA have to get their product to market. And as with producers, they have two options—selling their tapes to a national distributor or distributing them themselves (as VCA does).

If a manufacturer goes to a national

distributor, he runs the risk of having his film turned down. Because their customers—the retailers—are more selective, distributors are a lot pickier than they used to be, according to Jeff Tuckman, the national director of video operations for Chicago-based Sound Video Unlimited, a distributor of videocassettes.

"In the past a retailer would take one Beta and one VHS of almost every title," he says. "That was back when there weren't so many titles. Today the competition is fierce. It makes distributors very careful to carry only those titles we think we can sell."

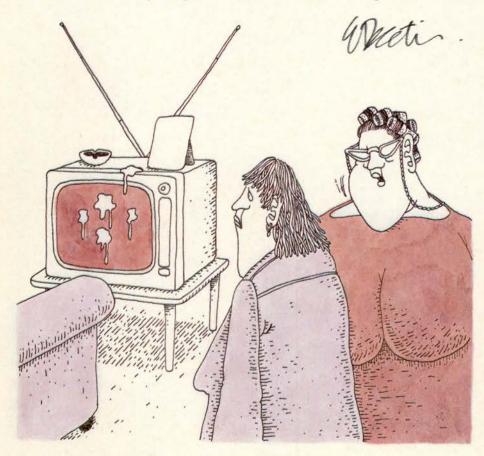
And how do they figure out which titles those are? "There are a lot of variables," says Tuckman. "If the film has been seen in theaters, if the packaging is nice, if the tape quality is good—all those things make a title more attractive to us. We also consider what kind of support we're getting from the manufacturer. Some sell directly to retail outlets. That way the manufacturer becomes our competitor. Because he doesn't have to pay our percentage, he can undersell us."

Cal Vista is one manufacturer that walks both sides of the line. "I don't want to put the knock on distributors," says Vice-President Gallagher. "But out of necessity most of them spend most of their time and money on Hollywood blockbuster features like Flashdance and Raiders of the Lost Ark."

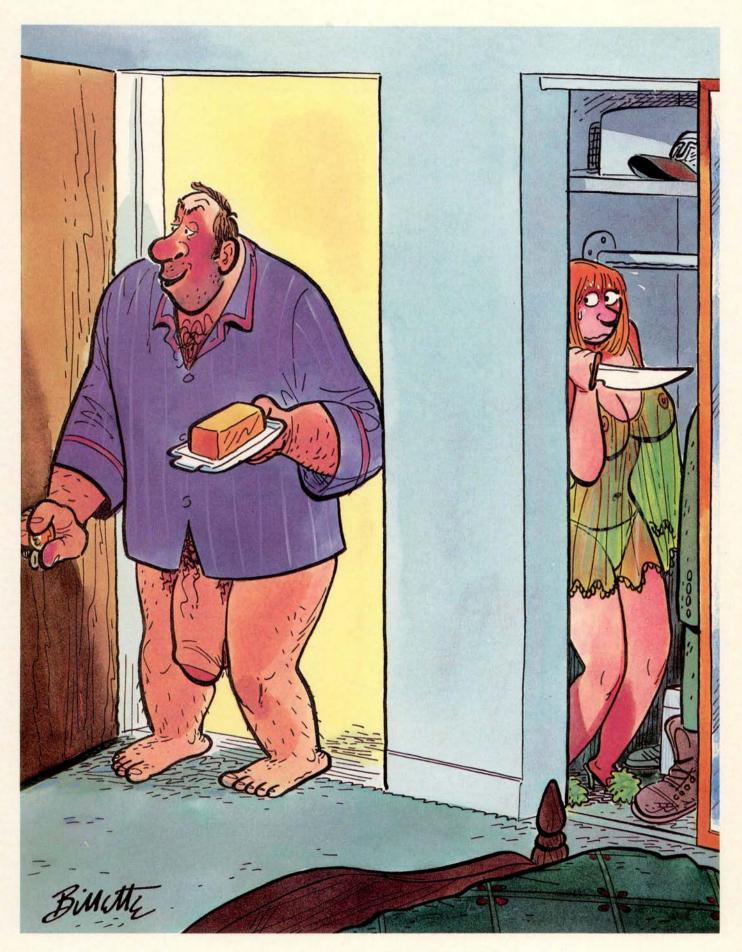
Since it was a quality product as X-rated films go, VCA agreed to manufacture and distribute *In Love*. So Vincent's movie had a clear path to its ultimate testing ground: the retail marketplace.

"Most people have their favorite porn actors, and some even like certain directors," says Marv Levine, who manages the Video Stop in Beverly Hills, California. It's his job to pick out cassettes for rental or sale to the public. "HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment is a pretty good recommendation too. No other magazine runs a tally of available films like HUSTLER's "On the Circuit," and many stores will especially try to buy films that get a Fully Erect rating. But the most important factor in determining what cassette somebody's going to take home is my judgment.

"Most people who come into the Video Stop haven't seen our X-rated films in adult theaters. A lot of them depend on my recommendation. I can tell what's junk from what's not. *Taboo*, for example, is probably the best adult film we carry. The quality of the picture is good, and the actors, Mike Ranger and Kay Parker, are unaffected. They look like they're really into the sex scenes instead of just showing off for the camera. The result is that 99 out of 100 people who rent *Taboo* bring it back and say, 'That was terrific!'



"Ed finally got that X-rated cable-TV channel."



"Yoo-hoo, sweetums . . . it's butt-fuck night."

X-RATED VIDEO (continued from page 40)

One source estimates that Caballero and VCX, the biggest names in the field, gross \$30 million a year apiece.

"Star-Maker, on the other hand, is what I would consider junk. The people who made it just chiseled on the quality. The story is hard to believe. In one shot, two people are sitting in a restaurant. In the next they're in bed, naked. And the actors really look like they're acting."

Notice that Levine spoke of "people who rent," not "people who buy." Video Stop does 95% of its business in rentals. New York's New Video makes 85% of its money by renting out videocassettes, while Videoland in Dallas reports a 60-40 rentals-to-sales ratio.

This high volume of rentals represents a potential peptic ulcer for manufacturers and distributors, since their share of rental income is precisely nothing. Obviously, they'd rather sell individual cassettes to everyone who wants to see *Talk Dirty to Me* than sell two copies (one Beta, one VHS) to a retailer and then watch him rake in the profits.

The porn-video business is enjoying such a boom that most suppliers won't admit to this problem. "Rentals would be cause for concern if the number of our customers was static and if we merely had

a conversion from sales to rentals," says Essex's Shanahan. "But don't forget that in 1982 as many people bought tape machines as have bought them in all other years combined. Our population of customers is not static, it's growing by leaps and bounds, and that means there's room for rentals and sales in an expanding market."

There's also a general belief that consumers are more likely to buy adult cassettes than tapes of general-release films. "A lot more people buy porn to keep around the house," offers VCA's Holliday. "Who'd actually want to own a tape of *Patton*, except Richard Nixon or some kind of gun freak?"

No market can expand forever (as stock-market investors discovered in 1929). Still, the end of the boom looks far away to most, and no one has much of an idea what to do about rentals.

"It's true that rentals are not good business for us," admits Vincent. "I guess we just have to hope that the law will step in and change things by making rentals illegal."

Let's assume that you're the manufac-



"Easy, boy . . . calm down!"

turers' favorite customer—a buyer. Let's also assume that you've picked out a film like *In Love* which earned a Fully Erect rating from HUSTLER. You're ready to plunk down \$80, the usual retail price for an X-rated feature. Where's your money actually going?

The retailer takes \$35 off the top. The distributor's fee is \$8, or 10%. Of the \$37 that's left, the producer gets between \$8 and \$10, depending on what kind of deal he's been able to cut with the manufacturer. And the manufacturer keeps from \$27 to \$29, out of which he pays for blank recording tape, packaging, advertising and other expenses.

That's the way your buying dollar is split up. And the resulting pieces are big enough to keep a lot of retailers, distributors, manufacturers and producers driving Cadillacs.

Startling evidence of the X-rated-video industry's runaway growth was recently supplied by the A. C. Nielsen Organization—the same firm that charts TV ratings. In a survey of Chicago's video retailers they found that Caballero Control held the sixth-largest share of sales, ranking right above Hollywood's MGM/UA Home Video. The eighth largest was VCX, another X-rated business.

One source estimates that Caballero and VCX, the two biggest names in the field, gross \$30 million a year apiece. And that's in a market where only 10% of potential buyers own VCRs. Imagine what the number will be like when 40%—or 80%—have video recorders.

That point hasn't escaped the attention of would-be producers and manufacturers, who are running like politicians to jump on the gravy train. "The biggest problem in our industry right now is the sheer glut of titles being released," says Caballero's Bloom. "The major Hollywood studios are slowing down the pace of their video releases, but the X-rateds are speeding up. Some companies are releasing ten or 15 years' worth of films all at once, and a lot of it is low-quality, 16mm stuff from the '60s."

Cal Vista's Gallagher agrees. "There's a lot of shoddy stuff getting out," he says. "During January and February of 1983, 170 general-release titles and 30 or 40 adult films came out in cassette form. And that's just two months! Retailers can't screen all that product. Very often they just go for nice packaging and slick ads when making their orders. And very often the worst stuff comes dressed in the nicest packaging."

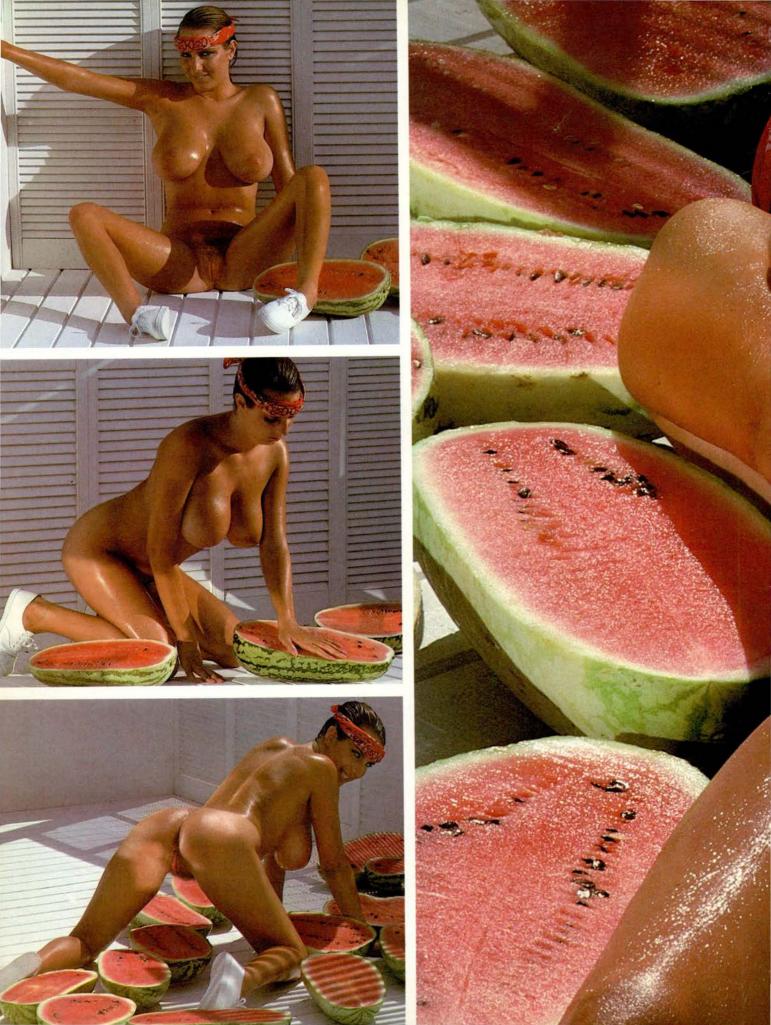
One way to avoid getting burned when you purchase video porn is to read HUSTLER's monthly film reviews or to consult HUSTLER'S 1984 EROTIC FILM

(continued on page 52)



















X-RATED VIDEO (continued from page 42)

"If I owned an adult theater," says <u>Screw</u> magazine's Al Goldstein, "I'd tear it down and build a parking lot."

GUIDE. Another, suggests Bloom, is to look for cassettes featuring such "name" performers as Annette Haven, Seka, Marilyn Chambers and Kelly Nichols.

"These actors are commanding higher and higher prices," he explains. "Their presence in a feature is an indication that the producer was willing to spend a little money to put out a good product."

Well-known male stars to look out for include Ron Jeremy, John Holmes, Richard Pacheco, John Leslie and Jamie Gillis. "These are the guys who really carry a picture," says Gallagher. "They've got the toughest jobs. They have to be able to perform on command."

They're also the guys who have teninch cocks, which makes them much rarer than good-looking girls. In fact, if X-rated cassettes have a long-lasting bad effect, it may be the creation of an inferiority complex among American men, since virtually *every* male actor in porn films is hung like a horse.

Undoubtedly, we're going to be seeing more X-rated movies—of widely varying quality—in the future. The latest trend is for cassette manufacturers to produce their own adult-oriented feature films, release them in theaters, then record them on cassettes.

Three years ago VCX turned out *High School Memories*, with porn veterans Leslie and Gillis starring in a nostalgic look back at horny high-school days. "It was the first original feature produced by a cassette manufacturer," recalls VCA's Holliday. "Now virtually every company is producing its own features. They're also backing other people's films, usually advancing producers from \$10,000 to \$25,000 in exchange for cassette rights."

Cal Vista, the company most heavily committed to producing its own features (Nothing to Hide, Suzi Superstar), has two self-produced sex-action flicks in release. Stacy's Hot Rod stars Raysheena as a race driver who gets stroked and bored on her way to the top. Mile High Club spotlights the first sex sequence ever filmed in the gondola of a hot-air balloon.

By turning out features themselves, manufacturers save the \$8 to \$10 per cassette that would ordinarily go to an independent producer. Probably more im-

portant in the long run is the prospect of cutting themselves in for a bigger share of the cable-TV market.

"A cable sale pays anywhere from \$500 to \$250,000," notes Al Bloom, "depending on whether we sell to a local cable channel, a national outfit like Cinema X, SelecTV or ON-TV. Currently we're in great shape. But if cable companies relaxed their standards and began showing hard-core material, we could all be in trouble."

In trouble right now are the owners of adult theaters. "If I owned an adult theater," says Al Goldstein, editor and publisher of *Screw*, "I'd tear it down and build a parking lot." Goldstein has recently signed a deal with Caballero to produce a monthly *Screw Video Magazine* at the low cost of \$29.95 per tape.

"The theatrical business sucks," agrees Shanahan. "This has been happening since the beginning of last year. But I don't think that's the cassette industry's fault. If theaters were taking care of business by keeping aisles clear and seats clean, hiring proper security and putting out good promotions, business would be better. A lot of theater owners blame the economy, but some chains are prospering. So what are they doing right?"

The obvious explanation behind the theater owners' problems is that customers are ignoring adult-film houses and enjoying adult videocassettes in the comfort and privacy of their own homes. It's an explanation that many video-industry people don't buy, perhaps because most of them came out of the X-rated-film business.

"Nine times out of ten the guy who rents an adult cassette is renting something he's never seen," says Sound Video's Jeff Tuckman. "He's not part of the adult-theater crowd."

Steve Hirsch, sales coordinator for Cal Vista, concurs. "There's not much crossover," he says. "The guy who goes into a video store doesn't usually know much about X-rated theatrical releases."

Caballero executive Bloom, however, is part of a dissenting minority: "Video-cassettes might very well be taking their toll on the theater business."

Besides features, increasing numbers of video companies are producing their own loops. In the theatrical business a loop is a short piece of film-usually 8mm-showing hard-core sex action with no plot. You can see loops in peep-show arcades like those in New York's Times Square. The viewer walks into a darkened booth, drops a quarter into a slot and is rewarded with five minutes of hot sex.

A videoloop is a longer piece of tape, usually an hour (X-rated feature films generally run about 90 minutes), showing three or four hard-core sequences—





X-RATED VIDEO (continued from page 52)

"Playboy has wimped out on porn. HUSTLER's ratings are the most influential recommendations to buyers."

each with a minimal plot. A typical loop program might include a fourway, a casting-couch story with two guys and a girl, and a one-on-one "naughty nurse" vignette.

Caballero Control's Swedish Erotica series is the class act in the world of loops—a world in which class is scarcer than people who'll admit they voted for Nixon. Swedish Erotica has nothing to do with Sweden—or any other place besides Canoga Park, California, where Caballero makes its home.

The series features such familiar names as John Holmes, Annette Haven, Serena, Seka, Juliet "Aunt Peg" Anderson, Desiree Cousteau, Lisa DeLeeuw and Vanessa Del Rio. All of them fuck and suck everything in sight except the kids, the dog and the kitchen sink. Swedish Erotica tapes are hot, well-made and priced lower (\$40) than the competition. "They sell just as well as our features," says Bloom.

Anything that sells well is bound to spawn imitators. Cal Vista markets an Erotic Fantasy line of hourlong tapes showing hard-core sex sequences edited from features films. "They retail at \$39.95 and \$49.85," says Hirsch, "and they sell very well to adult-book stores."

Essex's newest line of loops is becoming the next million-dollar bonanza. In fact, Home Video Movies Ltd. Volume 4 of this successful series has just been released. "People send in their own homemade sex tapes from all over the country," explains Jay Shanahan. "They show husbands, wives, next-door neighbors. It's amazing how fresh and genuine these people are on tape. And they're incredibly hot! These people are turned on. They're in it for sex, not money."

This pornographic answer to Real People is now available in your local video store. "The thing that makes these cassettes so arousing," says Shanahan, "is that these are all people you might know-or would like to know. And no one in them is acting."

Also on the market are the first two volumes of *HUSTLER Video Magazine*—a series of cassettes that capture all the spirit and raunch of your favorite men's publication. Instead of turning pages, you can plug HUSTLER into your VCR,

leaving both hands free to grab your woman, your beer or yourself. And in the near future, consumers will also be able to purchase a new line of hot HUSTLER videos—some of them based on the magazine's popular *Kinky Korner* department, where readers write about their far-out sexual adventures.

Penthouse is also preparing to enter the video marketplace, and *Playboy* already has its own line of cassettes. Typical of *Playboy*'s built-in puritanism, its tapes show nudity—but no sex.

"I have intense contempt for Hugh Hefner," says Jim Holliday. "Here's a guy who has probably the biggest porn collection in this country. Hefner should really be supporting this business. But *Playboy* has wimped out on porn. HUSTLER's ratings are the most influential source of recommendations to buyers now."

The latest adult-video trend—one that you'll find almost as welcome as HUSTLER on cassette—is the move toward lower price tags. The first X-rated cassettes cost from \$100 to \$130. Today's typical prices range from \$50 to \$90, with higher quality and even lower costs anticipated. Video-X-Pix's Erotic World of Angel Cash, selling at \$39.95, set a new pricing low early last year.

There's still a hell of a lot of difference between \$39.95 and the \$3.95 you paid for this issue of HUSTLER. But the cost of cassettes will come down even further as the market grows larger. (Just look what's happened to VCRs: The first ones cost \$15,000 or more; now they're selling for as little as \$299.) And as the size of the market becomes impossible to ignore, manufacturers will respond with more product.

Will X-rated videotapes make men's magazines obsolete? You can bet on it. Cassettes are more involving, more dynamic and more erotic than magazines. They have no pages to turn and no difficult words to read. Their images move and talk. They give buyers of men's publications more of what they're looking forerotic entertainment—than magazines ever could.

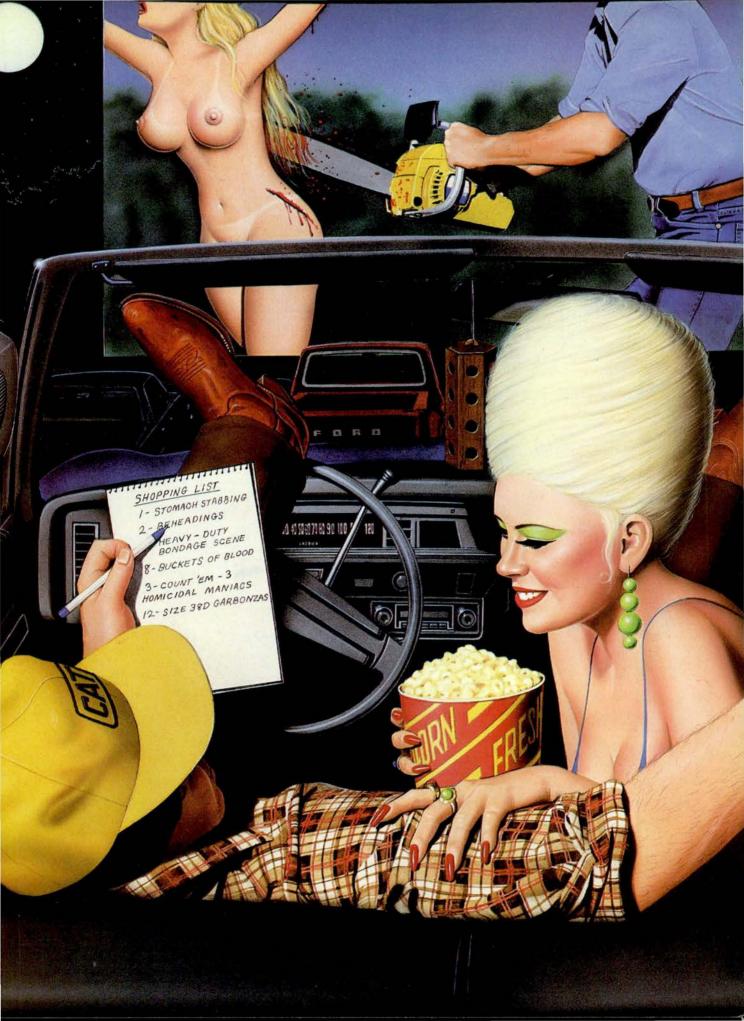
X-rated cassettes have one additional thing going for them-they're something new. And innovations always catch on in the American marketplace, whether they're cars, Pet Rocks or videotapes.

Where's the X-rated-video industry headed? Trying to guess that would be like looking at a small, round, fuzzy black-and-white TV picture in 1949 and imagining the multibillion-dollar industry that television (including the networks, cable and videocassettes) has become today. The only safe prediction about X-rated video is that if you aren't already watching, you will be—and sooner than you think.





"You'd think that for \$599.95 they could at least deliver it!"



JOE BOB BRIGGS

THE WILD AND WONDERFUL WORLD
OF A DRIVE-IN MOVIE CRITIC

by Jim Travis

"I was totally disgusted," wrote Joe Bob Briggs in one of his first reviews of drive-in movies for the Dallas Times Herald early in 1982. "This flick Deathstalker has bimbos in chains, arms ripped out of their sockets, heads hacked off with pickaxes, little blond pork chops getting raped by sumowrestler piss-heads that pummel skulls with sledgehammers, a lot of spears through the kidneys, house pets that eat human fingers, and a guy who gets hooked up to two horses while everybody makes a wish.

"You're probably wondering what I was disgusted about. I was disgusted because Wanda was in the car. At least she kept her clothes on this time; so I didn't have to worry about that. But she puked up a Cheese Whopper all over the styrene seat covers that Bubba Barclay traded me almost new for five bucks and a radio that had the FM dial broke off."

Dallas readers gasped at what at first seemed a

sick and tasteless joke. Either that, or the poor bastard who allowed this stuff in print was headed straight for the unemployment line. But as weeks passed and references to bimbos, breasts and the glory of stomach stabbings continued to appear under the same byline, it became clear that Joe Bob Briggs hadn't just made a splash; he had landed like a literary turd in the breakfast bowls of the Dallas reading public.

Baptist preachers doomed Briggs to eternal hellfire. The National Organization for Women assaulted him for calling it in print "the National Organization of Bimbos." Women with small breasts accused him of being a "fiend." Lesbians declared that Briggs was the reason they were remaining gay. Mothers Against Violence vowed to see him drawn and quartered. The spew of venom poured in from residents of Oklahoma, punk rockers, feminists, New Yorkers, ugly people, patrons of fern bars, owners of indoor movie theaters, school teachers and the residents of San Francisco, which he has dubbed "the wimp capital of the world."

Then something strange started happening. A fringe element of support began to be heard from

what critics characterized as "an unsavory element." Women wrote in offering to remove their blouses for Joe Bob's own private viewing. A female admirer showed up one afternoon at the *Times Herald* with a large knife handle protruding from an oversize blouse pocket that stretched across her ample breasts. The woman announced that she was running for "justice of the peace" and that she wouldn't leave unless Joe Bob came down to offer his candidacy for mayor.

response Briggs had delivered to her. "I'm still trying to earn an honest living."

Dedicated to his chosen calling, Joe Bob continued to cover the cultural scene as a reviewer of such drive-in classics as 1978's unforgettable *Bloodsucking Freaks*. "I got all nostalgic seeing it again," Briggs wrote. "We're talking women in glass cages; we're talking torture; we're talking bodily mutilation; we're talking large breasts; we're talking rape; we're talking bondage; we're talking mad doctors; we're talking nonstop death.

This is the kind of picture that really makes you miss the '70s."

"Bad taste is what's so good about Joe Bob's reviews," declared G. Christian Hill in a front-page story for the Wall Street Journal. Whatever the reason, Briggs's weekly column was acquired by the Los Angeles Times Syndicate and four months later began running in 30 papers from Honolulu to Niagara Falls.

Before long, Briggs was attracting readership ranging from college professors and state senators to frustrated rural Texas high-school honeys who think cosmetology is the study of the universe. And devoted fans began to besiege Joe Bob with so much mail that it had to be delivered in canvas sacks. In scrawled replies, Briggs has said he's flattered by all that admiration, but "I prefer the hate mail. It's more fun."

When the column first appeared in the Sunday edition of the San Francisco Chronicle, for example, it triggered a verbally violent grudge match between Briggs—who contends that the city is "full of geeks and weirdos"—and residents of San Francisco, who insist that Briggs is even more perverted than they are.

Witness this letter sent by a female reader to the *Chronicle* about his lip-licking raves of horror films: "One cannot help but wonder that if children were [actually] being stripped naked or stabbed with butcher knives or blown to pieces by a sawed-off shotgun, what kind of person 'Joe Bob' would be considered [for finding all this amusing]. And yet in film after film [praised by Briggs], people are subjected to this treatment, and nothing is thought to be wrong. This sort of thing is not funny; it is only hurtful and degrading. Please stop."

Briggs thought for a moment and replied: "I hear you, babe. But what about a nekkid black homosexual child that attacks ladies and squeezes their eyeballs out while they're cleaning the sink? Are you gonna tell me *that's* not funny?"

Then there was the letter signed by 23 California psychotherapists, sociologists and anthropologists: "We are appalled," they wrote, "at the offensiveness of your new columnist, 'Joe Bob,' and are shocked at the irresponsibility and disrespect to our community in choosing to publish it. . . . The crude, vulgar and brutal mentality sanctioned in printing such repugnant attitudes toward women is surely protected by the First Amendment, but such trash certainly doesn't belong in a serious metropolitan newspaper."

Briggs answered succinctly: "You people would feel a whole lot better if you made a big dog pile and had sex together." The letter was signed, "Joe Bob Briggs, drive-in psychoanalyst."

(continued on page 62)

JOE BOB'S ALL-TIME TOP 10 DRIVE-IN MOVIE CLASSICS

- 1. Night of the Living Dead (1968)—The only good thing to ever come out of Pittsburgh, where it was made. This is the Number 1 drive-in movie in the history of the world.
- **2. Texas Chain Saw Massacre** (1974)—The only picture ever made in which there are three psychos who work on the buddy system, in shifts. We all have our favorite scenes in 'Saw, but mine is where Leatherface puts Pam aside on a meat hook so he can keep working on Kirk.
- 3. Basket Case (1982)—Excellent blood scenes, especially where a lady doctor gets six scalpels plunged into various parts of her face. Best picture of the year.
- **4.** The Little Shop of Horrors (1960)—The Rocky Horror Picture Show of its time, one of the most popular films ever made by Roger Corman, King of the Drive-in Movie; he shot it in two days. It's about this poor schmuck named Seymour who raises plants that drink only human blood. A real howler in more ways than one.
- **5. Deathstalker** (1983)—Features 30 breasts, full exposure of Barbi Benton and a pet in a basket that eats human eyes and fingers. The "stalker" likes to stick his sword through a guy, twist it, then jerk it out and wipe off the blood on the dead body.
- **6. The Evil Dead** (1982)—We're talking total dismemberment, 19 gallons of blood. Vomit champion of 1982. Bimbo spews white slime out of her mouth. Features chain-saw scene where girl is sawed into ittybitty pieces by her friends because she turned zombie on them.
- 7. Friday the 13th (1980)—When Betsy Palmer gets her head sliced off with a machete, it was the dawn of the '80s—the day red meat came back into the American diet.
- **8. Parasite** (1982)–We're not talking sickola sex maniacs that go around slashing nekkid girls into chicken fricassee. We're not talking biology here. We're not talking DNA. We're talking serious *diseases*.
- **9. Madman** (1982)—My nominee for best gross-out scene in a drive-in movie is when the Madman puts Dave's head between the carburetor and the fan belt in a truck and turns his face into a pizza.
- 10. Bloodsucking Freaks (1978)—Doctor does elective neurosurgery by sticking a power drill through bimbo's head while he's humming "Marriage of Figaro." Once he gets it in there pretty deep, he wiggles it around, sticks in a straw and . . . well, you get the title now.



"Hey, where's my special sauce?"



ese excerpts were originally published in the Dallas Times Herald.

The Best of Joe Bob

A Sampling of Wit and Wisdom From Briggs's Memorable Movie Columns

JOE BOB SNEERS AT STEVEN SPIELBERG

Steven Spielberg is a wimp. I'm sorry, I had to get that out of my system. I don't normally like to use strong language in the newspaper, but let's face it, the man is a walking can of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee noodles. Now, I know about all you punkola drughead orange-hair geeks. I know you been camping out at the Monkeyplex 8 so you can fork over five bucks, plus 17 more for popcorn, to watch Harrison Ford swing on ropes and smash balsa wood with his bare hands.

I know about all you weasel-face jackleg nerds that drive Caprices and work at IBM. You guys been waiting all year for this, han't you? You stayed straight up to now; you made everybody think you knew what you were talking about; you avoided the indoor bullstuff and watched flicks the way our American God meant for 'em to be watched.

But what happens when Steve Spielberg comes along with another wimp picture? You say, "Maybe Steve's not a wimp anymore. Maybe this one's a winner." And then you go watch the sucker, and what do you have? You want your mind to turn to Jell-O? You want me to have to report you to the national wimp patrol? You want to have forced sex with E.T.?...

Let's talk snakes just for a minute, just to give you one example of what I'm talking about. Little Stevie supposedly did this bigdeal snake scene in Raiders Numero Uno. But remember in '82 when Venom came out with the Black Mamba that crawled up Alan Bates's pants leg? Let's see Stevie match that one with his indoor bullstuff. Remember the Black Mamba camera that went all over the house at snake-eye level so we could see the whites of their eyes just before they bought the farm with repeated Black Mamba strikes at stomach level, causing quick, extremely painful death, followed by more repeated strikes at the face? Best of all, remember Black Cobra, the all-time great drive-in movie that asked the eternal question, "How much snake can one woman take?" Now that was a snake flick.

JOE BOB GOES AFTER A BAPTIST BLUENOSE

My Baptist brother, Donnie Wildmon, over in Tupelo sent me a newspaper saying he wants me to write a letter to the Co-Cola Company "expressing concern for the company's move into soft-core porn." I always listen to Donnie because he has this outfit called the National Federation of Decency, which is a bunch of fairly amazing people who can smell a bare nipple on a movie screen three states away in a hailstorm. Donnie's the same guy that's been trying to get all the *Playboys* out of 7-Eleven, which is off the subject except I think Donnie's way off base on that one because poor people can't afford to pay for a whole year's subscription at once.

Anyhow, if Donnie says it's got nekkid women in it, it's got nekkid women in it. So when Donnie told me to write a letter to Co-Cola, because Co-Cola owns Columbia Pictures and because Columbia Pictures has this flick called *Hardbodies*, I wrote the following letter:

"Dear Co-Cola: I am writing because Donnie Wildmon wants me to express concern. I am concerned. Where in heck can I go see *Hardbodies*?"

JOE BOB GETS OFF ON "CONQUEST"

I stretched out in the Toronado to see Conquest.

That's the title, and it's pretty much the title of my own life, but the main reason I'm bringing it up is this: Sabrina is back.

We all remember Sabrina, Sabrina Siani. She was the bimbo in *Ator the Fighting Eagle* who had to kung fu a tribe of Amazons for the honor of giving her body to Miles O'Keeffe, only Miles O'Keeffe didn't want her, which shows you where *his* career's going these days.

But anyhow, Sabrina is trying to pass herself off in *Conquest* as Sabrina Sellers, but don't worry, it's the same gal. I'd recognize those talents anywhere.

Sabrina's got a bigger role this time.

She's a bloodsucking cannibal queen who likes to get nekkid and let long, thick snakes slide all over her body while she wiggles her thighs like a Calvin Klein commercial.

Ever' once in a while she'll send out one of her soldiers, these apeman guys dressed up in Wily Coyote faces, to bring her back the head of a virgin.

She likes to let all the missing links rip the virgin's clothes off and spread their legs apart so that Sabrina can come along and hack off their tops.

I know, I know, you've seen it all before....

JOE BOB HEE-HAWS AT "WHERE THE BOYS ARE"

Rhett Beavers got back from Florida last week with one of those I-bought-aflamingo-ashtray grins on his face, and I could already tell he was missing a few cards. Rhett never did have what you would call a Sears Diehard upstairs, and let's face it, the boy hadn't been the same ever since that rap for possession of 72 pounds of Arkansas polio weed for his personal use. Rhett hadn't been in town more than two, three days before Wanda Bodine was swearing out a warrant again, telling everybody Rhett breached her, when everybody knows Rhett couldn't breach diddly. The boy was paralyzed on that stuff for seven weeks. . .

Rhett came back from Surfola Bimboville, puked all over his floormats on reentry and started babbling about this remake flick in Lauderdale called *Where the Boys Are.*

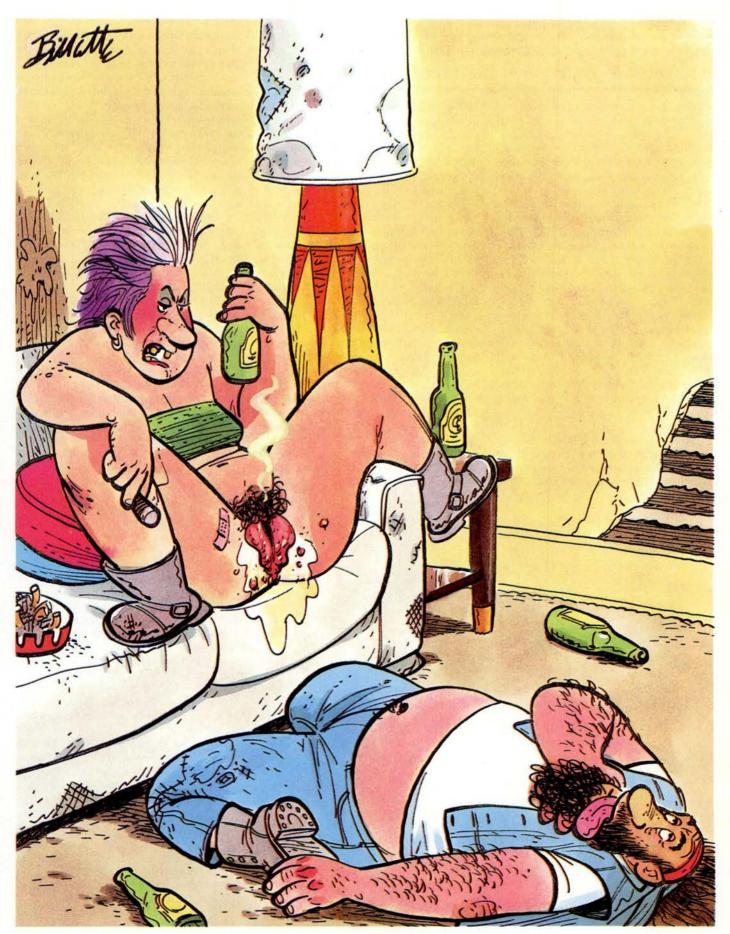
I told him I saw the sucker. He said there's another one. I said, "Yeah, I know. It's called *Spring Break*, about all these turkey college kids who go down to Lauderdale and get nekkid and drink Miller Lite and have a wet-T-shirt contest."

Rhett said I didn't know what I was talking about, because there was a flick called Where the Boys Are at the Century in Grand Prairie, and I better check it out because it had a pretty active pork-chop counter.

I'm here to tell you, this is the best movie about stupid white people since *Summer Lovers*. No plot to get in the way of the story. Total IQ of the cast: 17. Starring these four bimbos whose philosophy of life is "All you need is a bikini and quality contraceptives." We've heard this before, of course, but it was the way she said it....

We've got a lot of beach meat on the screen here, some halfway decent drunks, a hot-bod contest, some romantic scenes with a rubber blow-up dummy, three parties, a woman who walks around with her garbonzas all caged up and some real bad singing. The turkeys who made this dude didn't even have the decency to go find Connie Francis. In other words, you people in Lauderdale are sick.

Eleven breasts. No blood. One beast (Conan). Great scene with Rod Stewart's wife trying to go to bed with everything that moves. Two motor-vehicle chases, one with crash. One Aggie joke. Heads do not roll. Three-and-a-half stars.



"Big, tough guy! One sniff and he passes out!"

Briggs was at a restaurant enjoying his customary sevencourse dinner-a chili dog and a six-pack of Budweiser.

"Joe Bob has offended a lot of people," says Ron Smith, his editor at the *Times Herald*. "There's absolutely no doubt that he is offensive, say, to the churchgoing community, who don't really understand where he's coming from. Feminists don't care much for him either.

"We think, however, that there is a need to review exploitation movies that appear basically in your drive-in theaters. Going back to *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* and other movies of that type, we feel there is every bit as much need for them to be reviewed as there would be for movies like *Terms of Endearment*."

Wistfully, Smith traces the sweep of events that made Joe Bob Briggs a redneck hero. "For some time I had been talking with John Bloom, one of my staff writers, about the state of drive-in movies," he recalls. "They were dying in other parts of the country, but in the Dallas area they're still in good health."

Locked in a competitive struggle with the right-wing, straitlaced *Dallas Morning News*—its archrival—Smith felt the *Times Herald* could attract new subscribers by appealing to this segment of readership. He asked Bloom to scour the local driveins for someone who could write with expertise about standard outdoor-theater fare: bloody massacres, nude women and dental patients whose drilled brains are sucked out through straws.

Setting out to find this "expert," Bloom says it wasn't long before he heard about Briggs—a roughshod exponent of the blue-collar philosophy. He claims to have tracked Briggs down at a restaurant in his hometown of Rockwall, Texas, where he was enjoying his customary seven-course dinner—a chili dog and a six-pack of Budweiser.

At first, Bloom reports, Joe Bob seemed an unlikely candidate for film critic. A 6-3 190-pounder who swore he was only 19 years old, Briggs was wearing a Caterpillar-tractor cap, scuffed cowhide boots and torn corduroys stained with oil from working on his car, a 1973 metallic-blue Olds Toronado with curb feelers and a No-Pest Strip hanging from the rearview mirror.

In the booth beside him, says Bloom, was a bleached-blond beautician named Wanda Bodine who chewed gum while

she ate. After "Please-ta-meecha," she never said another word—but "she's dumber than a box of rocks anyway," Joe Bob told Bloom while she went to the john.

After talking for a while, Bloom said it became clear that "Joe Bob is the kind of guy who makes *haven't* a one-syllable word-*han't*. But there's no question that he's seen more drive-in movies than anybody in history-6,848 of them by his own count. The last time he set foot in a hard-top movie house was 1968, Joe Bob told me, and that was only to get change for a five."

That left only two problems. The first was: Could he write? Not only was Briggs a nonreader, he couldn't even pronounce the title of the job.

"What in hell," he asked Bloom, "is a critical?"

On orders from Smith, Bloom says he decided to let Briggs find out for himself. With the newspaper's backing he promised him \$3.20 per hour to review drive-in movies.

The second problem was: Could he type? The answer was: Shit, no. Real men don't type. But Joe Bob talked one of his girlfriends into transcribing his crude notes to the finished page.

"His reviews were a little raw at first," says Smith, "and a little blue, but we cleaned them up a little bit. After we stripped away some of that and put in other words for some of Joe Bob's words, we were very surprised. We found we had an exceptional talent on our hands. We asked for more."

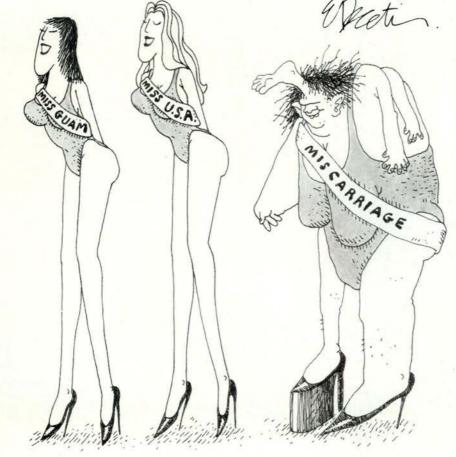
Not only did Briggs comply-but like some creature from the horror movies he reviews, his writing evolved rapidly into a Frankenstein's monster that broke down the moral conventions of so-called family newspapers while managing to both gross-out and fascinate the reading public. A selection of his more memorable opinions may convey a sense of both the outrage and the delight his columns began to inspire.

Briggs on the female sex: "I don't believe in slapping them around unless they beg for it"

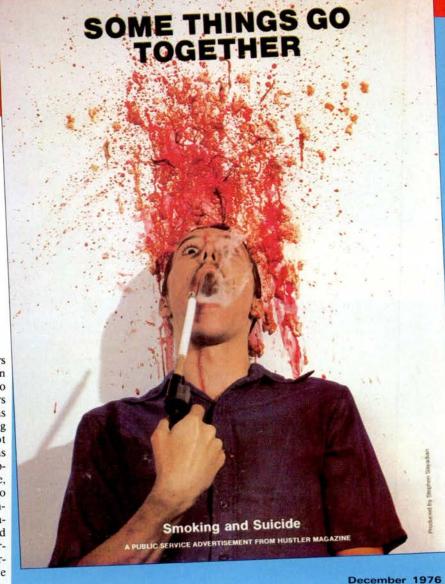
Briggs on his type of women: "They're modest. They keep all their clothes on at least until the movie starts.... They do not barf on the upholstery when the psycho jams a branding iron through the cat woman's eyeball.... Real women are mature. At least 36, if you know what I mean."

Briggs on feminism: "There's something about a woman in a bikini with a machine gun strapped across her chest that says, 'Hey, women are people too.'"

Briggs on homosexuals: "They don't tell me how to write my column, and I don't tell them how to play 'Yankee Doodle (continued on page 82)



CHOKE ON IT HUSTLER VS. THE CIGARETTE INDUSTRY



or the past nine years HUSTLER has been as committed to pointing out the dangers of cigarette smoking as we have to proclaiming the joys of sex. Not since October 1975 has a paid cigarette ad appeared in this magazine, nor do we ever intend to run one again. To underscore our determination, we have published numerous public-service and parody advertisements that have shocked, sickened, gen-

erated controversy and-above all-hammered home the indisputable evidence that cigarette smoking sucks.

If you don't believe us, check out some of the latest grim statistics. Before the end of the decade it's estimated that:

- The cigarette industry will spend more than \$1 billion annually to promote its lethal products.
- The U.S. government will subsidize tobacco farmers at a cost to taxpayers of nearly \$15 million.
- Smoking-related illnesses will account for around \$38 billion in

direct health-care expenses, lost wages and decreased productivity.

- Lung cancer will surpass breast cancer as the major killer of American women.
- And by the end of this year 340,000 of the 53 million Americans who light up will die from a smoking-related disease.

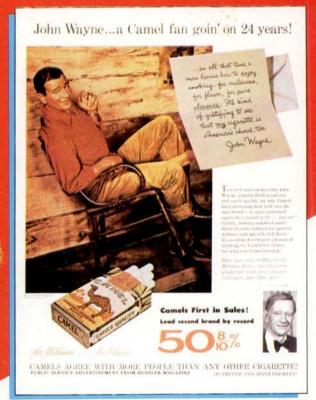
HUSTLER was-and still is-the only publication to risk retaliation from the powerful multibillion-dollar tobacco in-

dustry by steadfastly continuing to run antismoking materials. We're proud to report that the American Cancer Society, the American Medical Association and various civic groups throughout the nation have made countless requests for copies of our deadly serious parodies. Of course, with more than 200 cigarette brands spreading their messages of death, the editorial stance of a single magazine can get lost in the smoke. We'd like to think, though, that if these ads prevent even one case of lung cancer or emphysema, we've accomplished a great deal.

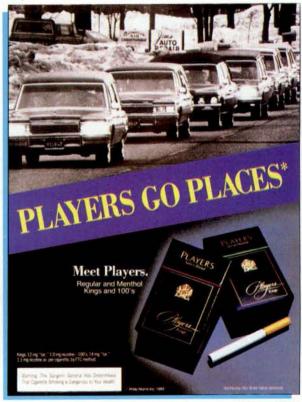


February 1976

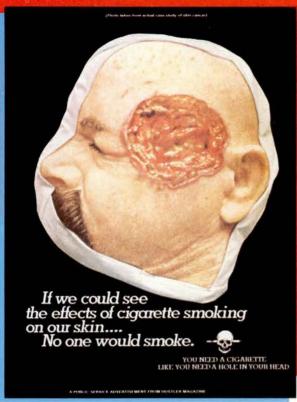




January 1980



May 1984



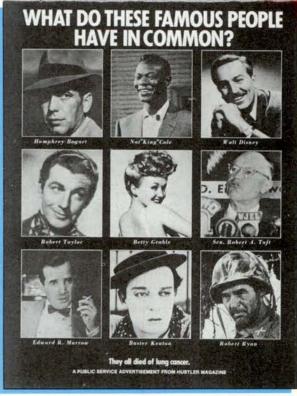
March 1977

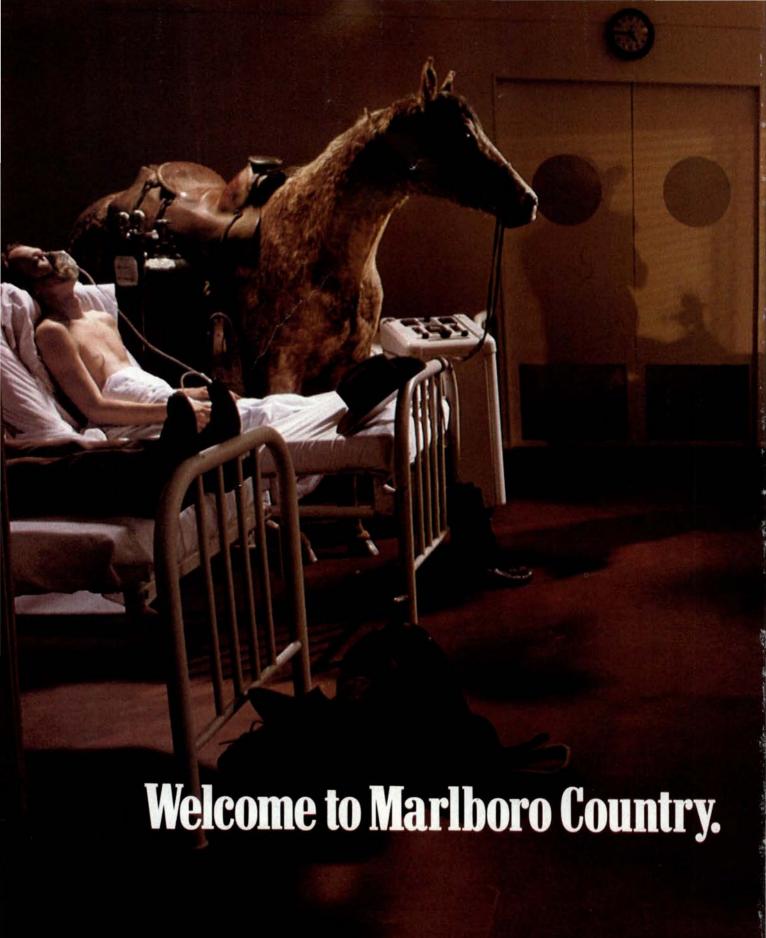


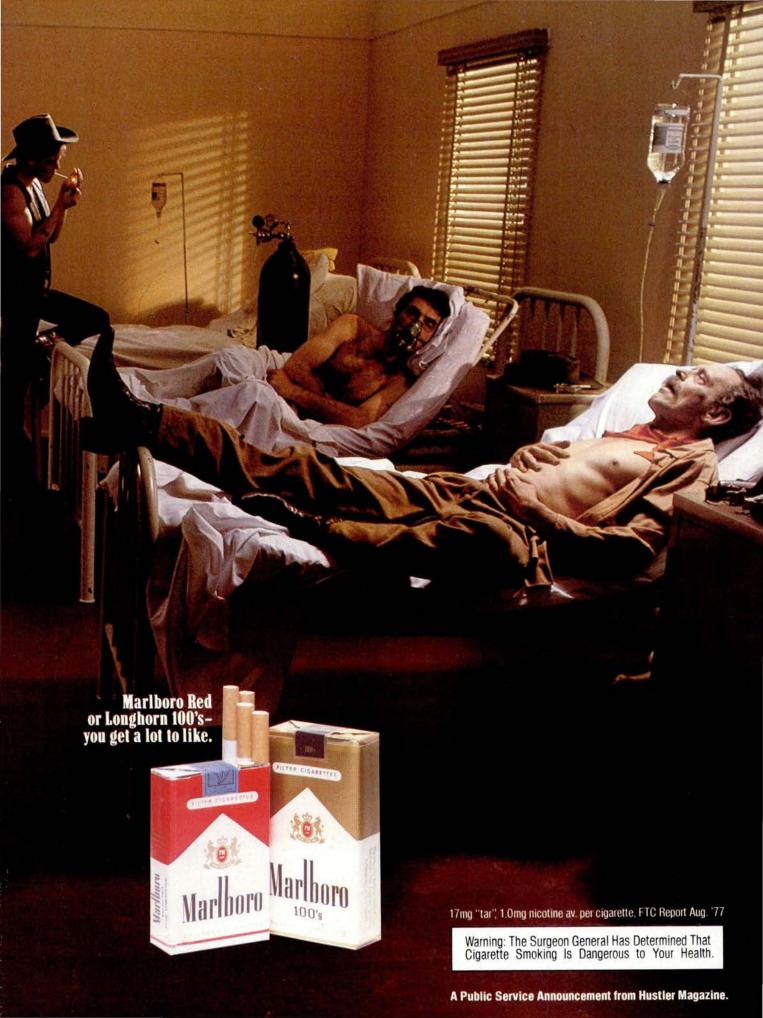
August 1984

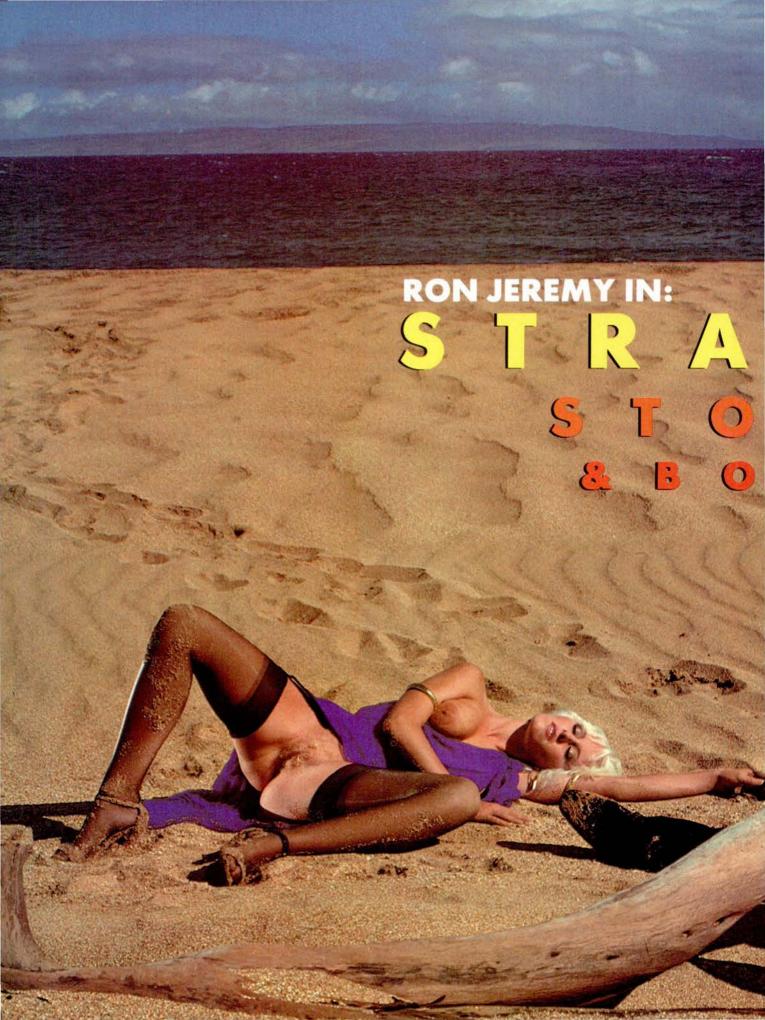


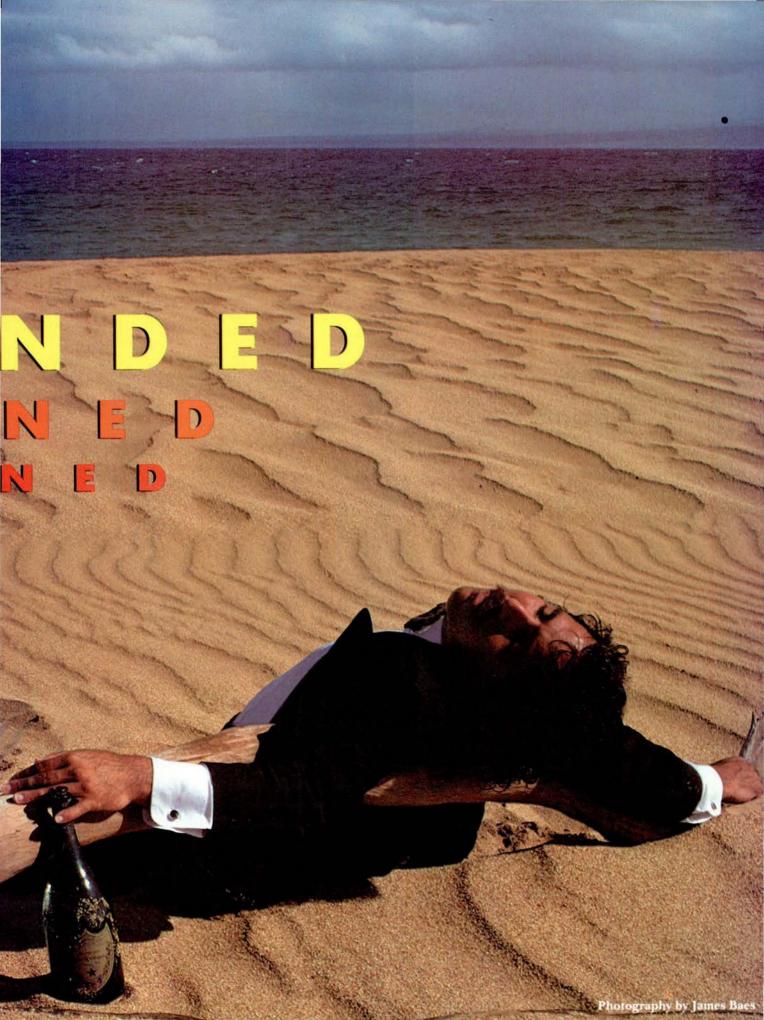
April 1984

















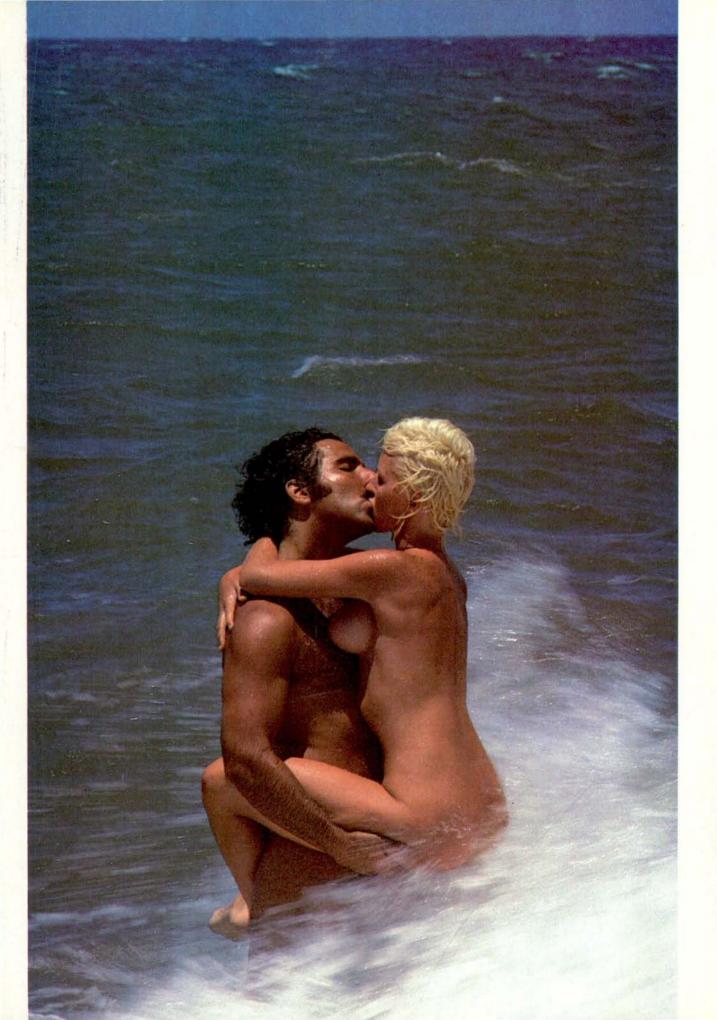














LARRY FLYNTS HUSTLER CLUB

BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES

THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE

NEW YORK, NY

SAN FRANCISCO, CA

NEW ORLEANS, LA BALTIMOR

DETROIT, MI (NEW)

SAN DIEGO, CA ST

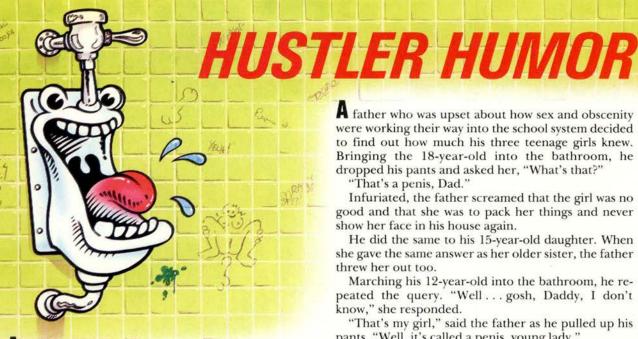
SHREVEPORT, LA

REDLANDS, CA. PA

CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM



A shipwrecked Polish sailor was marooned on a desert island with a female sheep and a male Doberman pinscher for companions. Before long the two animals grew quite attracted to each other. All went well until the man became unbearably horny and made a move for the ewe, which pissed off the dog. Baring its fangs, the Doberman placed itself between the sheep and the ornery sailor.

Days later, spotting a raft on the horizon, the sailor swam out and found a beautiful girl onboard. He took her ashore and for the next few weeks fed and comforted her. "You've been so good to me," the grateful castaway said one morning. "I'd do absolutely anything to show my gratitude."

"Would you?" the sailor asked with a broad grin on his face. He excitedly unfastened the length of rope that held up his ragged pants and handed it to the girl. "Here," the Polack muttered. "Use this as a leash and take that damn dog for a long walk!"

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines pimp as: a hooker booker.

Une day a lady called an automobile salesman and told him that she wanted a new car but that he would have to prove the vehicle had good brakes before she'd buy it. The salesman agreed and showed up with a new sedan for a demonstration ride. He took the woman to the top of a long hill and drove down at about 70 m.p.h. Just before reaching the bottom, he slammed on the brakes, and the car screeched to a stop.

"Now, madam," the salesman exclaimed with a proud smile, "you can smell the excellent lubricant we use in our braking system. We're the only car to use it, and therefore we have the best automotive brakes in the world!"

"You sold me," said the woman, "but I'd like to show my husband."

That evening the lady took her husband for a ride. She went to the top of the same hill and drove down at 100 m.p.h. She slammed on the brakes, and the car skidded around in a circle, just missing a tree before it finally came to a halt. The matron turned to her husband and said, "Smell anything, honey?"

"Sure do!" he cried. "And I'm sitting in it!"

A father who was upset about how sex and obscenity were working their way into the school system decided to find out how much his three teenage girls knew. Bringing the 18-year-old into the bathroom, he dropped his pants and asked her, "What's that?"

"That's a penis, Dad."

Infuriated, the father screamed that the girl was no good and that she was to pack her things and never show her face in his house again.

He did the same to his 15-year-old daughter. When she gave the same answer as her older sister, the father threw her out too.

Marching his 12-year-old into the bathroom, he repeated the query. "Well...gosh, Daddy, I don't know," she responded.

"That's my girl," said the father as he pulled up his pants. "Well, it's called a penis, young lady."

Bursting out laughing, the girl sneered, "You call that a penis?"

uestion: What does an elephant use for a vibrator? Answer: An epileptic.

he HUSTLER Dictionary defines gay masochist as: a sucker for punishment.

here was this pro-football player named Sammy who always warmed the bench. Every game he'd put on his gear, smear his cheeks with charcoal, don his helmet and rush onto the field with his teammates. But play after play, game after game, year after year, he never saw any action.

One Sunday morning near the end of another idle season, Sammy was feeling pretty lousy. "Cathy," he asked his girlfriend, "do me a favor. Dress up in my uniform, smear your face, put on my helmet and sit on the bench for me. Nobody'll ever know."

Cathy agreed, and sure enough no one knew Sammy wasn't there. The first three quarters of the game were uneventful, but in the fourth quarter Sammy's team suffered a rash of serious injuries. With no one left on the bench, the coach yelled, "Sammy, get in there!"

Trembling, Cathy ran onto the field, crouched down at the line of scrimmage and was knocked cold just after the ball was snapped. When she came to, the coach was vigorously massaging her pussy.

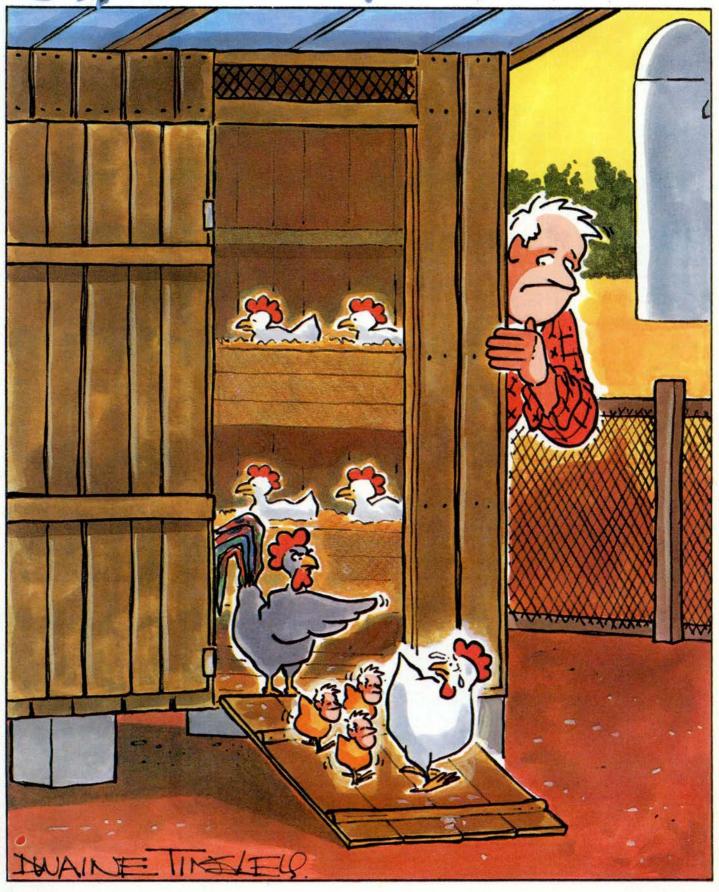
"Don't worry, Sammy," he said nervously. "Once we get your balls back in place, your cock'll pop right up!"

uestion: If you're rating women, what's a Jewish 10? Answer: A 3 with \$7 million.

Uuestion: What's a Mexican 10? Answer: A 4 with a six-pack.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry-we cannot return submissions.

Chester the Molester



JOE BOB BRIGGS (continued from page 62)

Joe Bob has raised personal journalism to what one non-admirer uncharitably calls "a fart form."

Dandy' on the human mouth harp."

Briggs on freedom of the press: "There's a big difference between us and Communist Russia. In Communist Russia the government uses the paper to tell lies. Over here we set to make up our own lies."

Briggs on Commies: "The way you can tell if somebody's a Commie is to look 'em in the eye and ask 'em what they think about auto-emission standards, and if they just sit there like jelly on a bun, you got 'em. They're red as a wino's eyeball."

Briggs on drive-ins: "You can still find them in areas where people give a damn about the Constitutional American right to watch flicks in the outdoors, like God intended, and in the personal privacy of your own automobile, where you can use those little glass-holders on the inside of the glove compartment."

Briggs on nudity in films: "I only approve of gratuitous nudity when it's necessary to the story. Or when it's a real boring movie, and you need some nekkid women to liven things up."

Briggs on why his column's a success:

"Honesty in journalism. Also I pay out some cold-cash kickbacks to newspaper editors in 30 American cities." (You'll find more wonderful examples of Briggs's wit and wisdom on page 60.)

As Joe Bob continued to plow new journalistic ground, he began to expand his readers' word power as well. *Garbonza*, for example, found its way into print as a reference to the female breast, and female genitalia became known as *nookie* on the pages of a major newspaper in a conservative Texas city populated by thousands of Bible-toting Southern Baptists.

"We allow Joe Bob a little more latitude than we allow some of our other writers because of the nature of the material that he's covering," says Smith. "To the kind of audience that views these movies, *garbonza* and *nookie* are polite terms for the kind of language they use every day."

About the only barrier Joe Bob has been unable to break is the editors' objection to his favorite word: *twat*. "Although we prohibit him from using it,"

says Smith, "he's tried to sneak it into his column three times. He's also tried to put the word *fuck* in the paper too, and he'll probably try to do it again. The last time he tried, it got through two editors because he worked it in as part of the name of a town in Tennessee." The name of the place? East Bumfuck.

"Luckily," says Smith, rubbing his forehead, "I caught it."

The editors were unaccountably lenient with Briggs when he declared "Breast Awareness Week" in a column late last year.

"Now, as you know," he wrote, "every week is Breast Awareness Week in 'Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-in.' But this is no laughing matter. I want you ladies to get those garbonzas checked. You can call the American Cancer Society for the location nearest you, or you can come by the trailer park in Sunnyvale and ask for Dr. Briggs, but either way, we wouldn't want anything to happen to those appendages."

Briggs then launched into a review of what he determined to be the most "breast aware" drive-in flick he had seen to date: *High Test Girls*. "Let's get down to the nitty.... We have a brand-new breast-exposure champion. We have 83 full exposures.... In one scene they have 12 complete bouncing bare breasts in one shot.... How they found a camera that could handle it, I don't know. Finally, we've got a giant close-up side-view breast that completely fills the big outdoor screen. We're talking humongous.

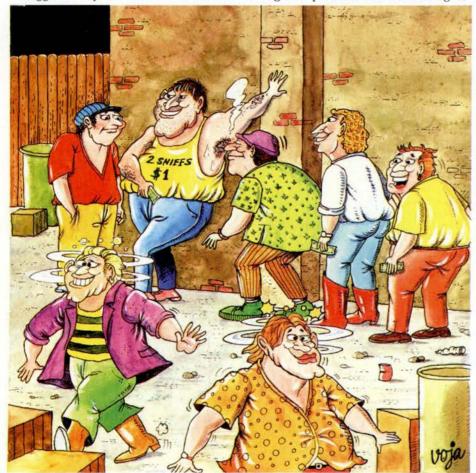
"I wish I could tell you about the bimbo with the Princess Di haircut who gets diddled by a TV set, but I don't want this column to get put through a blender."

In addition to his trailblazing work as a champion of free speech, Briggs has almost singlehandedly raised personal journalism to what one nonadmirer uncharitably calls "a fart form." In the two years since the inception of Joe Bob's column, fans have become intimate not only with the writer's sick mind, but with his seedy private life and those who share it with him. Prominent among this cast of characters are:

☆ Winsome Wanda Bodine, owner of Le Bodine Beauty Parlor ("a retrofitted trailer house on the Grapevine Highway"), who wears hoop earrings and charm bracelets that have little poodles dangling.

★ Cherry Dilday, "who's tougher than a 50¢ steak."

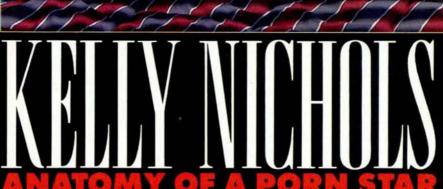
☆ Vida Stegall, a beautician capable of "cutting hair faster than a \$100 weed (continued on page 92)











This celluloid sex kitten has a lot going for her: beauty, brains, talent—and a seething sensuality that leaps right off the screen.



Kelly Nichols-her name alone is enough to send tremors of anticipation across the laps of both the raincoat crowd and more-sophisticated at-home porn connoisseurs. Famous for her convincing sex performances, the volcanic star of more than 20 adult films was raised as a Catholic in a Los Angeles suburb. One of her first jobs when she left home at 18 was posing for amateur photographers. "Considering my sexually repressive upbringing, it's surprising I did that," Nichols recalls. "But taking my clothes off for the camera was really easyand the money was good."



"Trying to make it in Hollywood movies was worse than beating my head against a wall," says Nichols, who became frustrated following several small roles in R-rated mainstream films. After posing nude for CHIC in 1980, she jumped at director Chuck Vincent's offer to star in his X-rated Bon Appetit and quickly achieved star status. The rest is adult-film history.











Nichols is fortunate in her private life as well, with both a husband of two years and a family that's understanding and supportive of her career.

Although she plans to retire from the screen soon, Kelly intends to keep busy as a producer. "Porn has done so much for me," she says. "It's opened me up to my own sexuality, it's brought me money and, oddly enough for a business that's so crazy, it's given me great insight into life and a sanity I don't think I could have gotten anywhere else in the world."





JOE BOB BRIGGS (continued from page 82)

One lady called Briggs "a drooling, belching, perverted, debased, degenerate, low-foreheaded woman-molester."

eater.... Vida has been going to community college night school, and she's worked her way up to the IQ of a clump of brown moss. This is lucky because I was worried about people wanting to skip her across creeks."

☆ Rhett Beavers, who fled the Garland jail for greener pastures—a spring harvest of "Arkansas polio weed" (regional slang for marijuana).

But even faithful readers may be finding out more than they want to know about Joe Bob's tumultuous private life. In a recent column, for example, he boasted about having done time in a Bossier City, Louisiana, jail for assaulting an auto-parts-store owner named Gus Simpson. As Briggs tells it, he owed the man money; so Simpson took it out in tradestealing not only Briggs's 1968 Dodge Dart but his onetime girlfriend, May Ellen Masters. When Briggs caught up with the couple at the Have-A-Ball Tourist Court in rural East Texas, he says he left Simpson looking like "a side of Swift's Premium on its way to Denny's."

Although he claims he's "not a violent kind of guy," Briggs occasionally threatens to turn his detractors' faces "into grape jelly." He said he was going to use "nunchaku" kung-fu sticks to rearrange the face of Bobby Joe Raper, the mayor of Irving, Texas, after the drive-in screens were torn down at Texas Stadium. Although the drive-in–a private concession—was losing money, Briggs blamed it on the mayor. Raper fired back a nasty letter, but its impact was drowned in a flood of vicious mail sent to him by fanatical Briggs supporters.

Who in the hell is this guy Briggs, anyway? That's what Mayor Raper wants to know. And so do Joe Bob's fans. He's never been photographed, and nobodyfriend or foe-has actually seen him personally. Nobody except his *Times Herald* editor, Ron Smith-and John Bloom, the man who hired him.

Reporters for a number of credible publications—including the San Francisco Chronicle and the Seattle Times—have alleged that Briggs in fact is Bloom, a literate, well-groomed, quiche-eating graduate of Nashville's Vanderbilt University, a school that is widely regarded as the "Harvard of the South." Bloom's news-

paper career has been distinguished by several awards for investigative pieces as well as national recognition for writing about social problems.

So it's not surprising that he indignantly denies the slur of any association between himself and a crude lowbrow like Joe Bob. "I've never told anybody that I'm Briggs," says Bloom. "But people keep coming up to me in public and asking, 'Where is he?' They even ask me for his autograph. My life would be a great deal simpler if he didn't exist. I wouldn't mind if his Toronado spun out of control somewhere on a desolate highway, and he was never seen again."

According to Bloom, the feeling is mutual. He claims Joe Bob once called him a "wimp liberal Eastern Establishment asshole," but since no witnesses were around, he couldn't sue for slander. When Briggs offered to settle things between them "outside," Bloom said he was too civilized to resort to fisticuffs. "You just proved my point," Joe Bob replied.

The two men seem to agree on only one thing: that Briggs is very real indeed. Speaking to HUSTLER on the telephone—in a strangely familiar voice that sounded muffled with a handkerchief—Joe Bob told us, "I am on the preferred weekly reading list of every exploitation-film maker in America. I am quoted in national advertisements. I personally sponsored the world premiere of a previously unknown film called *Basket Case*, which went on to become a cult movie. Women routinely write in asking me for dates. Men routinely write in asking to meet my girlfriends.

"When I put Wanda Bodine's phone number in the newspaper, she got 300 calls in one day. A film scholar at the University of Texas is putting me in his book on 'the image of Texas in the movies.' I have been profiled in the fucking *Wall Street Journal*. How in hell could I do all that if I wasn't real?"

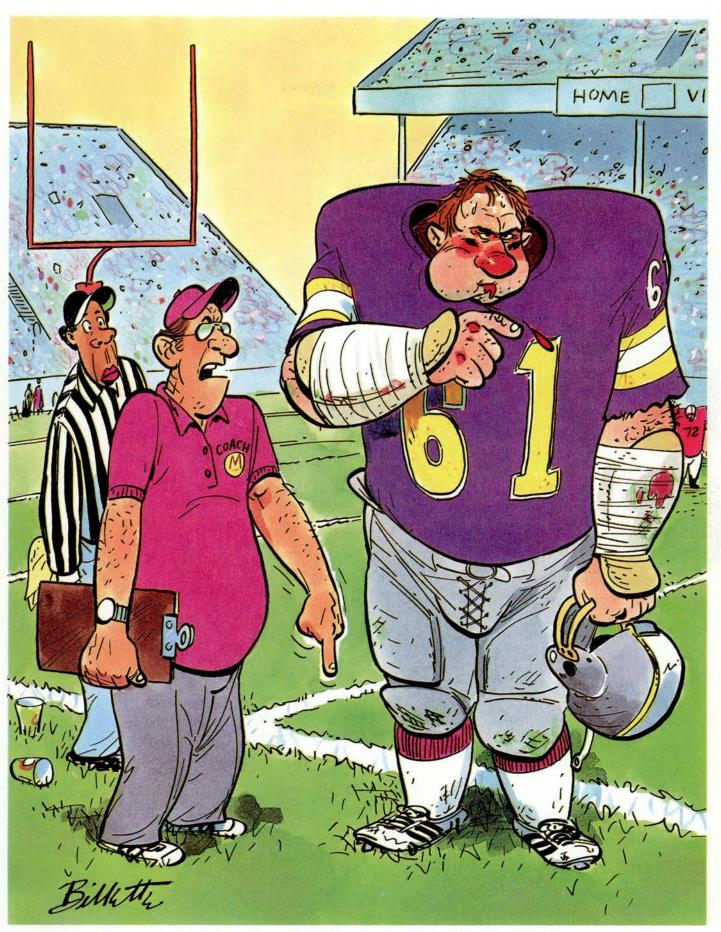
Good point. As further evidence, he cites a recent letter received from a woman who obviously believes that Joe Bob Briggs is all too real. "I've been reading your column for about two months," she wrote, "and you are a drooling, belching, perverted, wayward, debased, disgusting, degenerate, low-foreheaded womanmolester."

"Dear Lady," Briggs responded. "I resent that remark about my forehead."

Whoever Joe Bob really is, he's okay in our book. When we called him about this profile, Briggs said HUSTLER was his kind of magazine, and he was confident that any article we printed about him would be handled with integrity and sensitivity. He made just one stipulation: "Preciate it if you'd put me next to the Trojan ads."



"No, I'd better stay in tonight, John. Susie's on her period."



"Dammit, Kronski, you're holding up play! Spit out those testicles!"

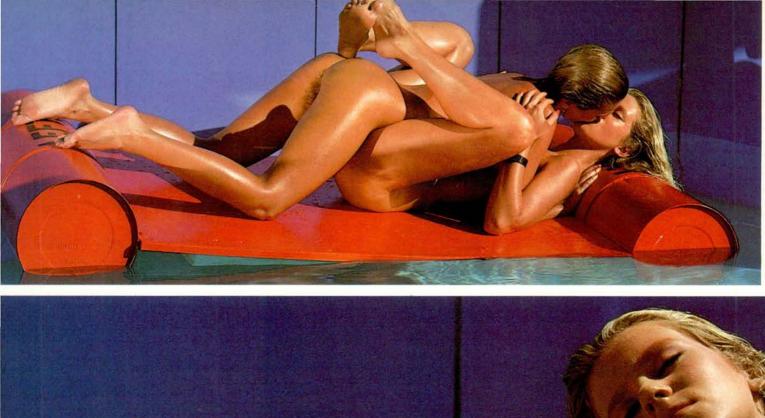
FECATING FRENZY













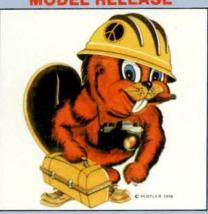








HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably, more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see opposite page. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

NAME OF THE OWNER OWNER OF THE OWNER OWNE	
Model's Name	Name to Be Published
Address	
Date of Birth	Phone (include area code)
Model's Social Secu	rity Number
Model's Social Secu	rity Number
	rity Number
Occupation	rity Number

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY

I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos. I also understand that if the editors so decide, my photographs can be published in GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION Magazine's photo contest, My Woman... My Wife, in which case the prize awarded is \$50, or in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

DEAR GRANNY

(continued from page 17)

DEAR GRANNY: I'm 18 and just lost my virginity three months ago. Since then I've had sex only a few times. I noticed that my vagina is very tight, and it often takes a lot of time and effort for my lover to get his cock in there. This worries me because I'm assuming that most pussies aren't as tight as mine. Do men like snug pussies?

—Small Hole

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Small: In the words of my very first lover, "Oh, God, yes, yes, yes, YES, YES!!!"

DEAR GRANNY: During foreplay with my girlfriend a clear substance sometimes seeps out of my cock. It isn't white like cum. Can she get pregnant from it?

-Coming Clear Taylor, Michigan

Dear Coming: Yes. Is that clear?

DEAR GRANNY: I love to inject and snort stimulants such as speed and coke. Their effect on my sexual abilities is amazing. When I do these drugs, it seems as if I can't stop coming. I've been known to come ten times in a single night while speeding. I jack off with oil and Vaseline into a rubber and even have home movies of me stroking my eight-inch cock with a vibrator up my ass. Of course, I also love to have marathon sex sessions with my girlfriend while we're both high.

The problem is that I only feel this horny while on speed. Otherwise, I could care less about sex. I just feel tired and shy around women, and any kind of kink turns me off. Why is this? Is it bad for me to come so much?

—Speedy

Middletown, California

Dear Speedy: No, but speeding so much is. Those drugs may have the temporary effect of making you crazy with lust, but with regular use you'll just end up a burnout who can't get it up no matter what the circumstances. So lay off those drugs, honey, and you'll end up getting laid more often in the long run.

DEAR GRANNY: I'm a 24-year-old female who's always had a great sex life up until now. For the past year I've been living with my boyfriend, whom I love very much. And he says he loves me. Our problem is his allergies, which he's had since he was a child.

About seven months ago he started sleeping on the couch every night because he's afraid to have sex with me. He says that he's allergic to my pussy juice and that his cock itches terribly after we make love. I've changed everything about myself for him—the perfume I wear, the

body creams I use. Now I don't use any of that stuff, and before we have sex, I douche with vinegar and water. We used to fuck regularly, but now we only do it about once a month. Needless to say, I'm going crazy. He insists he's allergic to my pussy juice. Granny, is that possible? And what can we do about it?

—Hay Fever Meyersdale, Pennsylvania

Dear Hay Fever: People have been allergic to pussy willows and pussycats, but pussy juice? Never! Your man's problem is in his head, not his sinuses. Don't get me wrong; his cock may indeed itch after fucking you, but those physical symptoms are probably a result of some hang-up he's got in his mind. Take that boy to a psychologist and stop douching all the time. You're liable to dry out your cunt—and you don't want that to start itching too.

DEAR GRANNY: Your answer in the July '84 issue to "Dripless"-the guy who'd had a prostate operation-was somewhat incomplete. Instead of complaining that he can no longer ejaculate after his operation, "Dripless" should be happy to be able to get it up. I had the same operation he did, and before surgery my urologist explained all of its possible side effects. Apparently there are two kinds of prostate surgery. One involves complete removal of the gland-which is done by making an incision in the abdomen-and results in total impotence. This drastic procedure is done only when cancer is present. The other type involves partial removal of the prostate-usually via the "roto-rooter" method of running a tiny reamer up the urethra and literally scraping away enough of the gland to free up the urinary passage. This can result in orgasms without ejaculation and is the kind both "Dripless" and I had.

Personally, I find coming without squirting to have many advantages. I can get off in a porn movie without so much as soiling a handkerchief, and my lovers don't mind me coming in their mouths, because they've got nothing to swallow or taste. Incidentally, "Dripless," there's no way to "make your faucet pour again." You should be thankful that you can still come at all and that you didn't have cancer.

—Dripless II

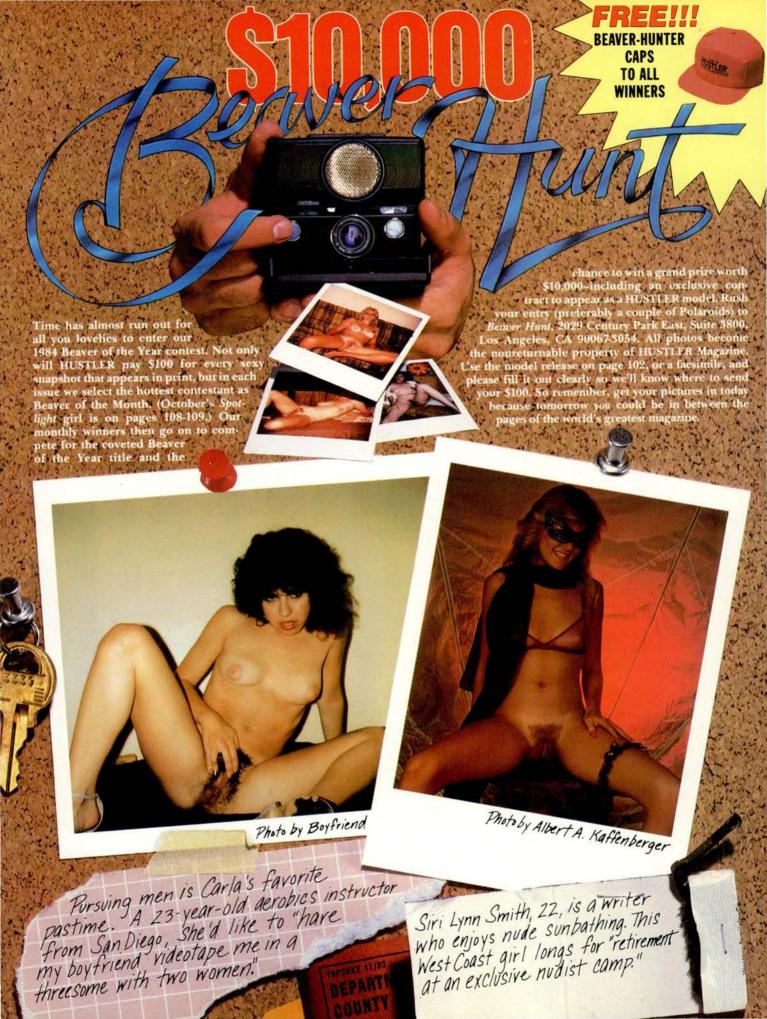
Ponca City, Oklahoma

Dear Dripless II: Too bad "Dripless I" lacks your positive attitude. Keep it up!

DEAR GRANNY: Do girls masturbate? If so, what percentage of them indulge? My girlfriend insists she's never done anything of the sort.

St. Louis, Missouri

Dear Skeptical: About 90% of all women masturbate. The other 10% are lying.





New Jersey, waitress who's into Sailing and bicycling, Shannon, 23, wants to hike "deep into a forest and make it rith the one I love."



Peabody, Massachusetts, divides her spare time between skinny-dipping and frolicking naked in her bedroom with the curtains open. She fanta-Sizes about meeting "the men who watch me through the window."





Photo by Angil



Judy, 34, a cashier from Land o'Lakes, Florida, would "love having one cock pumping in and out of my pussy and another shoved between my lips.







Twenty-two-year old Layne from
Twenty-two-year old Layne from
Falmouth, Kentucky, would love to be "the
Falmouth, Kentucky, would love to be "the be "th

Photo by Husband



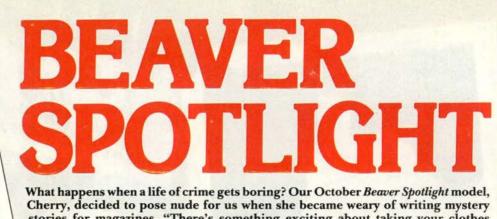
Photoby Randy Bond

Anita Bond, 22, is a dancer from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, who enjoys Swimming, Skiing, reading and entertaining. "Thanks to my husband, all my fantasies are fulfilled," she purrs. A student who loves music

and window-Shopping, 21-year-old B.C.

from Kirksville, Missouri, longs for
"a nude pienic atop a scenic
mountain."

having a wonderful time wish you were her



Cherry, decided to pose nude for us when she became weary of writing mystery stories for magazines. "There's something exciting about taking your clothes off in front of a camera," she says. "It's almost like being alone in a dark house out





in the country and hearing footsteps downstairs. I get goose bumps just thinking about it."

At first, Cherry was a little nervous about what her family might think of her modeling for HUSTLER, but after they saw the pictures, everyone loved the idea-including her mother. "My husband and I have always been HUSTLER readers," Cherry confesses. "I never knew my dad and mom were too."

In her spare time Cherry raises hamsters, and she sometimes lets them run rampant over her naked skin. "I just *love* things that are small and furryand that nibble," she explains. But she quickly adds, "I like 'em

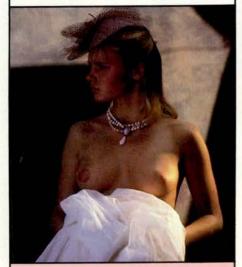
big and hard too."

Cherry's longtime fantasy is to appear in an X-rated film. "I want to have two or three total strangers ball me-no connections or emotional ties. Just lots of good fucking and sucking. Then I want to take my husband to a porn theater and go down on him while he watches me give it to those studs up on the big screen.

"It would all be very secretive and in the dark just like in a murder mystery. But in my fantasy when my husband shoots his gun, I'll gladly open wide and swallow the bullet."







SUBSCRIBE TO

FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION COMPANY INC. P.O. Box 67068 Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944

YES! I want to subscribe to CHIC. □New Subscriber □Renewal ☐50% discount to all U.S. servicemen overseas

FOREIGN ☐ 1 year @ \$39 ☐ 2 years @ \$68 ☐ 3 years @ \$93 ☐ 1 year @ \$33 ☐ 2 years @ \$56 ☐ 3 years @ \$75

Enclosed is my \square check \square money order (cash not accepted), or charge to my \square VISA \square MC: MAKE CHECK PAYABLE TO F.S.C. INC.

Please Print

Address

City

State

Zip

Phone

Signature

Date All magazines delivered in unmarked wrappers. All subscription prices subject to change without notice. Sorry, no Canadian subscriptions accepted. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks to process your subscription



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic, and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last vear in America, an estimated one million children suffered from abuse and neglect and at least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Yet child abuse doesn't have to happen. With enough volunteers, local child abuse prevention programs such as crisis centers, selfhelp therapy programs for abusers, and other facilities could be formed to aid parents and children. With your help, eighty percent of all abusers could be reached. Please. Write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

A Public Service of This Magazine & The Advertising Council Council



We need your help. Write:



National Committee for Prevention of Child Abuse, Box 2866, Chicago, Illinois 60690

SEXUAL FANTASIES WHAT THEY REALLY MEAN



year-old William Clark-a divorced insurance underwriter-tried to rape his therapist in her Los Angeles office. After a desperate struggle Ava Gawronski ordered him to stop as firmly as she could-and miraculously, he did. Whether out of compassion or embarrassment, Gawronski did not report this incident to the police. But she sent Clark a registered letter informing him that she could no longer treat him.

uring a routine psy-

chiatric visit 39-

The rape attempt didn't come as a complete surprise to Gawronski. She had known for months that her patient had been having rape fantasies about her. Bizarre as they seemed, she told him they were normal and nothing to worry about as long as he didn't act them out. And she assumed he wouldn't, but she was tragically wrong.

Less than a month after his treatment was discontinued, Clark tried to attack Gawronski

again—this time using an ice pick to break into her car while she was inside, but he failed to get in. Eight days later, seething with rage, he went to the home of his ex-wife, tied her to the bed and raped *her*.

This time Gawronski filed charges against Clark, and so did his ex-wife, but he was soon freed on \$5,000 bail. Fuming and frustrated, Clark went to Gawronski's home early one morning and set fire to the first-floor bedroom, where Ava and her husband, David, were sleeping. David Gawronski was killed in the blaze; the psychologist lost all of her fingers, and her face and body were left hideously scarred.

William Clark's is an extreme case because he acted out a fantasy that had become progressively more violent. But fantasies—even rape fantasies—are not uncommon among both men

BY SIDNEY I. STEWART

Many areas in the sexual world have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER Magazine's belief that the repression of any and all sexual information is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of revealing articles to keep your sexual knowledge current, to lessen your inhibitions and—ultimately—to make you a much better lover.

and women. Does Clark's case indicate that all men who have such violent and bizarre sexual dreams are dangerous? And do all sexual fantasies represent acts we would like to perform?

The true meaning of such fantasies has been debated for decades; much of what has been accepted about their interpretation has come from Sigmund Freud and his followers. They contend that fantasies are more important than reality in trying to understand a person, that thoughts are a more significant indicator of a person's true nature than actions, that fantasy is just a substitute for reality and that to fantasize is unhealthy.

Among those who disagree is Dr. Donald E. Dossey, a noted therapist and director of The Phobia Institute of Beverly Hills. "The problem with Freud was that he projected his own neuroses onto his patients," he says. Dossey believes that Freud would sometimes label female

patients sick or hysterical because they acted seductively toward him-and he couldn't help but jump into bed with them. Diagnosing these women as mentally disturbed because they had sexual fantasies and presented themselves as sexual beings shifted the blame for Freud's actions to his patients.

"Fantasizing about sex is a healthy pursuit, whether the thoughts be about traditional lovemaking or variations," Dossey insists. "And the frequency of sexual fantasy occurs fairly equally in both men and women, at all social and economic strata."

According to Dr. David Barlow, director of the Sexuality Research Program at the State University of New York at Albany, most people are thought to have about seven or eight sexual fantasies daily, although up to 40 per day isn't unheard of.

In The Fantasy Files, a study of contemporary women's sexu-

Sex therapists often encourage patients to discuss their sexual fantasies with their partners.

al fantasies, Dr. Karen Shanor notes that "when a fantasy is misused, it can keep a person from coping with the real world." But she agrees that fantasies have many benefits—both as a way to plan an upcoming sexual adventure and as a way to relive one.

She also believes that the types of fantasies we have definitely relate to our experiences and lifestyles. A romantic person has fantasies that involve moonlight, champagne and soft music, while an adventurous person might fantasize about having sex when skydiving or in public.

Whether a person has homosexual or heterosexual fantasies, however, may not be an indication of actual sexual preference, reports a recent study by the Masters and Johnson Institute. In the June 1983 issue of *The American Journal of Psychiatry*, researcher Mark Schwartz and Dr. William Masters reported that in their survey of 120 men and women—half of whom were homosexuals and half heterosexuals—the respondents' sexual fantasies were often at odds with their actual sexual preference. Among homosexuals of both sexes who were interviewed, het-

erosexual sex ranked as the third-mostcommon fantasy, while homosexual sex ranked fourth- and fifth-most-common with the heterosexual men and women respectively.

Another area of controversy surrounds the true hidden meaning of rape and/or bondage fantasies, which many women have. It has been speculated that these women are masochistic, that they enjoy pain with their pleasure and that they like the truly "macho" man who won't take no for an answer.

Dossey disagrees with that theory. "We're programmed for pleasure as children," he explains. "But some of us have been raised in various religions or belief systems that make it impossible for us to experience and express our true feelings."

Most of the "forced" sexual encounters that men and women fantasize about are ways to experience the pleasure of sex without guilt, he believes. Their thinking goes this way: "If he does it to me and I can't stop him, then it can't be my fault."

Such fantasies probably reassure a woman that she is the passive partner in

sex, thereby allowing her to conform to sexual standards that don't let a woman be the aggressor, notes Dr. Andrew Barclay, a California psychologist. Nancy Friday observed in her best-selling book My Secret Garden that for many women being powerless is the only way they can let go and enjoy sex, because they've been taught that a woman's lust is "sinful." These and other authorities believe that the fantasy of being raped isn't a desire to be hurt, only to be overpowered—which enables the person to lie back and enjoy it.

Although most psychologists agree that having sexual fantasies is normal, there are circumstances that can make these fantasies a problem. Both Shanor and Barlow concur that while the content of a fantasy isn't indicative of a psychological problem, the way that fantasy is used can be. Obsession with fantasies can be a warning of mental disturbance.

Barlow maintains, for example, that some rapists and child molesters are obsessed with sexual fantasies all day long. The case of William Clark, who was recently convicted in the murder of David Gawronski, seems to bear this out. Clark was obsessed with his violent fantasies, even keeping a detailed diary.

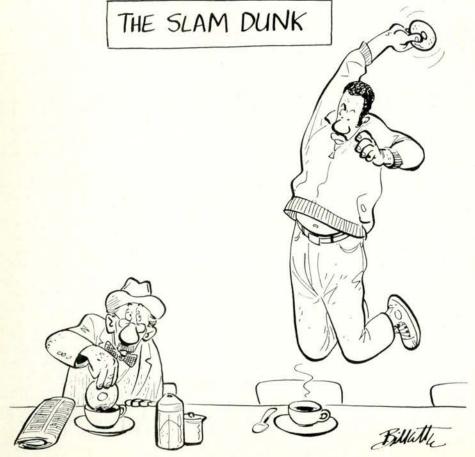
Dossey notes that fantasies fall into the negative realm "if you're thinking or acting them out compulsively, if they make you feel badly or if another person's life is imposed upon. But other than those rare instances, the more enriched the fantasy life is, the more diversified the fantasies are, and the healthier the person probably is. It's the person who can't fantasize, who won't let go even in his mind, that I see most in treatment."

Sex therapists often encourage patients to discuss their sexual fantasies with their partners in hopes of stimulating a waning sexual relationship. Dr. Alex Comfort's *The Joy of Sex*, for example, encourages the reader to dream up new adventures to play out with partners as a way of adding spice to listless sex.

Comfort believes in talking about your sexual fantasies with your partner while you fuck. It's almost like having two kinds of sex at once—when you're lying in bed together, the two of you could pretend to be making it on a secluded beach, at an orgy or whatever. Sharing your fantasies with your lover is also a good way to get in touch with each other's innermost desires.

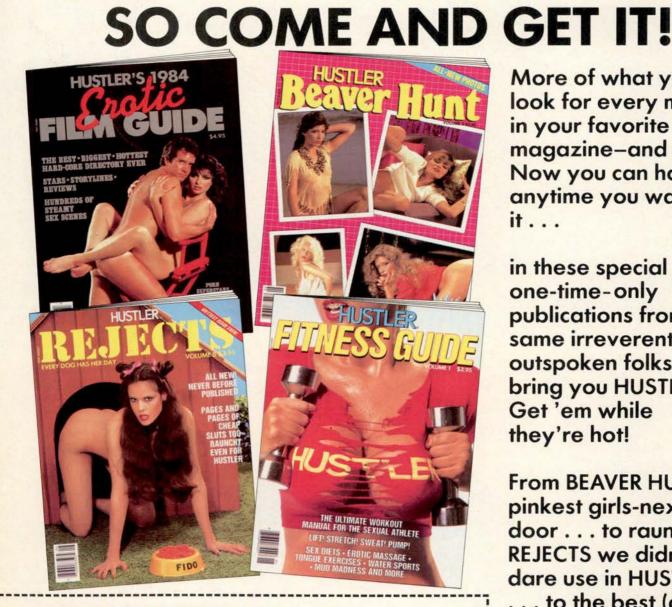
"Which ones you share and how you share them depends on the content of the fantasy and on your partner," Dossey says. "You shouldn't pollute your home environment. But do share those that are nonthreatening—the ones you can have fun with."

By nurturing those fantasies, we can turn our sex lives quite literally into dreams-come-true.





YOU LOVE IT. YOU WANT IT!



More of what you look for every month in your favorite magazine-and ours. Now you can have it anytime you want it . . .

in these special one-time-only publications from the same irreverent, outspoken folks who bring you HUSTLER. Get 'em while they're hot!

From BEAVER HUNT's pinkest girls-nextdoor . . . to raunchy REJECTS we didn't dare use in HUSTLER ... to the best (and worst) of adult cinema in FILM GUIDE ... to the hardbodies of the FITNESS GUIDE ... we've got 'em all for you.

SPECIAL OFFER

FILM GUIDES @ \$4.95
HUSTLER BEAVER HUNT Vol. 5 @ \$3.95
HUSTLER REJECTS Vol. 8 @ \$3.95
HUSTLER FITNESS GUIDES @ \$3.95
ALL FOUR @ \$13.95

FLYNT SUBSCRIPTION CO. INC. P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944

Please enclose \$1 per issue for postage and handling.

ALL MAGAZINES DELIVERED IN UNMARKED WRAPPERS. Please allow 6 to 8 weeks to process your order Sorry, no Canadian orders can be accepted.

Enclosed is my \(\sigma\) chec cepted), or charge to r MAKE CHECK PAYABLE	my 🗆 VISA	□ MC:		ac- CEW
Interbank No.		Exp. Date	mo.	year
Signature		Date		
Name			T	
Address	1		-	
City	State		Zip	_

Phone Number (Include Area Code)

MAIL-ORDER FEEDBACK



This column's purpose is to help you order by mail. We advise our readers on how to conduct business with mail-order firms and alert them to frauds, shady practices and faulty products. We also review mail-order sex products, including those advertised in the pages of HUSTLER, not to endorse them but to let you know what you'll be getting for your money. Since we depend on you to help us keep the marketplace clean, write Mail-Order Feedback, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054, and alert us to any problems you're having.

Besides to us, we suggest you complain about your mail-order problems to your local Better Business Bureau, state Attorney General's office or the chief federal authority—the Consumer Advocate Office, U.S. Postal Service, Washington, D.C. 20024.

Edited by Doug Oliver

GIVING GOOD EAR:

If you've always wanted to try phone sex but were too shy-or too cheap-to make the call, *TMT Productions* has just what you've been waiting for. This enterprising young company (run by three self-proclaimed sex maniacs) has just come out with an audiocassette tape called *The Best of Telephone Erotica*. It's guaranteed to fill your ears with the words you want to hear while you stroke the one-eyed trouser snake.

Two women with well-endowed voices alternate as narrators of the tape's ten sexy monologues. The selections include just about every fantasy a horny gent might have: telephone sex with the girl next door, seduction at the office, out-door sex, domination/humiliation and, of course, the basic being-sucked-off-by-a-hot-chick. Sometimes the language doesn't ring true; the girl next door pants, "Yes! Yes! I will swallow the sweet syrup of your ecstasy!" But the message is always clear.

The advantages of an audio sex tape are that you can listen to your favorites over and over again, you don't have to juggle the telephone receiver, and you never get a busy signal or suffer being put on hold. Best of all, the initial cost is the only outlay. If this sounds as if it could be your meat, send a check or money order for \$14 per cassette to *TMT Productions* (612 N. Michigan Ave., Suite 217, Box 93, Chicago, IL 60611). But take a tip from the HUSTLER products tester: Don't listen to this tape while driving. Running red lights, making erratic lane changes and knocking over pedestrians are serious offenses.

If you want the *real* thing, however, HUSTLER now has the most sizzling phone sex anywhere. Check out page 10 for our three HOT lines!

RAINBOW SHOWERS:

In your March '84 <u>Pornpourri</u> section you reviewed a video titled <u>Intimate</u> <u>Action</u> that features Annie Sprinkle giving a "rainbow shower" to some dude. I've looked everywhere for this intriguing video, but no one's heard of it. Where can I get my hands on a copy?

-G. L. Newton, New Jersey

Intimate Action is available only by mail from Intact Productions (P.O. Box 2218, Astoria Station, Long Island City, NY 11102). Send \$79.95, specify Beta or VHS, state that you are over 21, and the hairy-palmed folks at Intact will rush you a fresh, new copy as fast as the U.S. mail can deliver it.

For those of you who missed the March '84 issue of HUSTLER, *Intimate Action* is a sort of porn 60 Minutes crammed with wall-to-wall sex madness, vintage erotica and raunchy interviews. In one totally far-out segment Annie Sprinkle, the Princess of Perversion herself, delivers a "rainbow shower"—puking all over her partner, Norman Jackson. This tape is a real treasure.

BUYER BEWARE!

Six months ago I sent \$5 to a company called <u>Promotional Merchandising</u> to cover postage for five of the <u>free</u> items the company was offering. I even added \$1 for "immediate rush delivery." All I've received so far are authori-

zation cards to verify that I am 21-which I've filled out and sent back-and catalogs from a company called Mailers Service urging me to buy more. But still no merchandise has arrived. I've written to the company five times but only received one letter in return stating that the items have been shipped and to allow sufficient time for them to be delivered. I think six months is sufficient time! I don't like being ripped off for even \$6, and I'm sure thankful I didn't send \$15 or \$20. I say this company should be put on your Shit List!

 Name Withheld by Request Providence, Rhode Island

Promotional Merchandising is not only on our Shit List; we received so many complaints that we kicked their asses out of HUSTLER's advertising pages back in January of this year! Promotional Merchandising is one of the bogus names of Mailers Service, a ripoff outfit that has more aliases than Elizabeth Taylor has chins. Here are only a few of the other names it goes by: Cinematic Distributors, Wholesale Distributors, Mailers Reply, Premium Services, Mailers Rebate, Mailers Reminder and Import Specialties.

It's possible that this reader will get his order; we have stacks of letters from angry customers who finally did receive the shoddy junk these companies dispense. But it's just as likely that he won't. These scum-suckers are extremely devious and use methods like offering free merchandise in order to obtain addresses for their mailing lists. People on the lists then get bombarded with catalogs and often order more merchandise before their original shipment is delivered. If any items actually arrive, they're usually not what the customer expected. And instead of a refund, these creeps only offer credit toward the next purchase.

If you've been stung, the best thing to do is to notify the postal authorities about the slimy business practices of these firms. For others who are tempted by "free" or unbelievably low-cost products, remember: *Nothing* is free. If an offer sounds too good to be true, it probably is.













APPETIZER

Join Success! Meet Wealthy Women who will leave you hungry for more! Call Linda at 1-312-262-6900.

MAIN COURSE

The Love Club!
Beautiful, exciting
women who want to
help you discover the hidden tastes
of mouth-watering sex! Call Tracy at
1-312-262-9800.

PLUS: ORAL AND ANAL SEX with Kristi's friends. 1-312-262-9900... Denise's BI-GIRLS 1-312-262-9801 ... SWINGING FOR SINGLES with Bob and Melinda 1-312-262-9030... DOMINANT AND SUBMISSIVE WOMEN from Mistress Elsa 1-312-262-9802.







DESSER'

The Sweet Girls of the Club Nice. Sugar-coated girls who are interested in Love, Dating and Marriage. Call Mary at 1-312-274-9600.

ENTERTAINMENT

Be a Star! Learn how to break into the exciting field of Adult Movie-making!

Illustrated guide helps you on your way! Call Darlene Dawn at 1-312-262-9030.

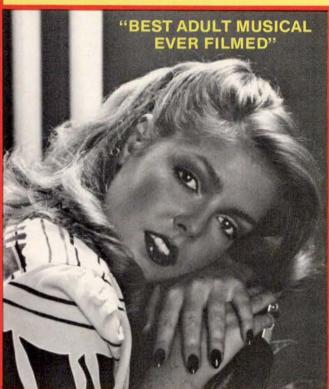
THE LOVE CLUB

P.O. Box 59238-H Chicago, IL 60659

An Erotic Feast From EXCALIBUR FILMS Now you can enjoy the finest in add in the privacy of your own hom complete original productions pace the movie studios, all at low, low

Alice in Wonderland

STARRING Kristine De Bell, Terri Hall, Juliet Grahm, Sue and Tony Richards.
PRODUCED BY: Bill Osco.



This is the adult version of the Lewis Carroll classic. Alice, played by the beautiful Playboy Cover Girl, Kristine De Bell, one day dreams herself into a strange world filled with very erotic people. In the course of her adventures, Alice discovers that the erotic way of life isn't so bad after all, and when she does return to the real world her point of view has become quite liberal. An excellent story line plus hilarious comic situations and scintillating erotic performances make this film a true classic. Alice In Wonderland was chosen "Best Adult Musical Ever Filmed" by Adult Video Index. This lavishly produced Bill Osco film is superbly scored and edited. It is one of the most visually appealing and popular films ever produced.

TO ORDER 1-800-BETA-VHS

In California: (714) 773-5855 - 7 Days A Week *Offer void after midnight October 31, 1984.

Now you can enjoy the finest in adult movies in the privacy of your own home — the complete original productions packaged by the movie studios, all at low, low discount prices. Plus, you can exchange these movies as often as you like. There are no time limits. No hidden costs. And no membership fees.

PURCHASE ANY TITLE YOU WANT -

\$6900

(plus \$2.50 shipping & handling)

★ The same titles selling elsewhere for \$99.00 and up.
EXCHANGE ANY TAPE PURCHASED —

as \$350 (plus

(plus \$2.50 shipping & handling)

- The largest selection of X-rated video movies in the world.
- Exchange as often as you wish.
- No monthly 'Club' fees.

2 INSIDE SEKA

- All orders shipped promptly.
- ★ Lifetime quality guaranteed!

THIS MONTH'S TOP 40

☐ 22 HIGH SCHOOL MEMORIES

1 ALICE IN WONDERLAND * D 21 FIONA ON FIRE

3 PAMELA MAN ☐ 23 DRACULA EXOTICA 4 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II ☐ 24 BARBARA BROADCAST 5 INSIDE JENNIFER WELLES

25 DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS 6 BLONDE GODDESS ☐ 26 DIRTY WESTERN 7 MISTY BEETHOVEN ☐ 27 TITILLATION 8 TABOO ☐ 28 SCOUNDRELS 9 GAMES WOMEN PLAY ☐ 29 NEON NIGHTS TI 10 INSATIABLE ☐ 30 BAD GIRLS ☐ 11 LEGEND OF LADY BLUE □ 31 8 TO 4 ☐ 32 TALK DIRTY TO ME ☐ 12 DEEP THROAT ☐ 13 LITTLE ORPHAN DUSTY ☐ 33 SUZIE SUPERSTAR TI 14 SEX WORLD ☐ 34 EROTIC ADVT. OF CANDY ☐ 15 TALES OF TIFFANY LUST ☐ 35 HUSTLER VIDEO #1 ☐ 16 1001 EROTIC NIGHTS ☐ 36 ANYTIME ... ANYPLACE 17 BUDDING OF BRIE ☐ 37 DEBBIE DOES DALLAS ☐ 18 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR ☐ 38 NAUGHTY GIRLS ☐ 19 ALL AMERICAN GIRLS ☐ 39 800 FANTASY LANE D 20 NOTHING TO HIDE THAT REST OF GAIL PALMER ☐ Please send the following movie(s) at \$69.00 plus \$2.50 shipping/handling (CA residents add 6% tax). (exchange forms wil be sent with order) □ VHS format □ BETA format □ Please send color catalog ☐ LASER DISC format - Only \$59.00 - Call for list Signature _____ Name Address City _ □ VISA □ Master Charge □ Money Order _____ Exp. Date ___ **EXCALIBUR FILMS**

424 W. Commonwealth, Fullerton, CA 92632













MR. PROLONG—If you want to drive your women crazy and really show them what orgasms are about, this will make you last longer than they ever hoped you would!

SPURIOUS SPANISH FLY SUGAR

It's the spurious way to make them do it all! CODE 08243 \$4.95

MR. BIG— Want to get it up and keep it hard? Try this! CODE 06023 \$5.95



HOT STUFF—Special Oil heats up when applied!
LIME CODE 04465;
PLUM CODE 04481;
CINNAMON CODE 04507; \$9.95 each.
ALL THREE FOR \$24.95 CODE 04515

SHOW THEM YOUR BEST



GREASE ANAL LUBE.—The ideal way to make a smooth entry and help a beginner get to love being fucked in the back door! CODE 03905 \$4.95





KNOCK-OUT PILLS—If this doesn't "persuade" her to do it "your way" anytime you want it, nothing will CODE 05207 \$5.95



HYPNOTIC PILLS

HYPNOTIC PILLS—The spurious contents of these pills work magic in "convincing" her to do it all for you—instantly! CODE 05041 \$5.95





CHINA
NYMPHO
CREAM
We don't
know how
this works
but when
you rub a
little of this
on her clitoris, you'll
see an out
of-control,
fuck-happy
result only
minutes

SPANISH FLY MASSAGE OIL— Just a few drops of this spurious oil while you're giving an "innocent massage" and the next thing you know she's confused and crazy with just and destre! CODE 00026 \$3.95

\$12.95! CODE 05637.



CHINA

SHIRMAR

CREAM

ERECTION LOTION—Just apply this rollon to your cock and watch the incredible results! CODE 03954 \$8.95

LY 💩

NISH FLY DROPS
—Spurious secret
formula!
IN FLAYORS:
COLA CODE 04408;
CHERRY CODE
04416; MINT CODE
04416; S. 55 each.
ALL THREE FOR
514.95 CODE 04440.

JQUEUR-FLAVORED BODY OILS— DANISH CHERRY CODE 04634; WILD STRAWBERRY CODE 04622; BRA-HILIAN COFFEE CODE 04639; BA-WAILIAN ORANGE CODE 04663; \$9.95 tack. ALL FOUR FLAVORS FOR 129: 95 CODE 04685





ANDROS—IT MAKES
WOMEN WANT YOU!
Just splash this special
after-shave on your
body and watch what
happens the first time
a woman smells it! Androsten is the secret
ingredient...the special scent of sexuality
women just can't resist.
2 Fl. Oz. \$9.95 CODE
00471; Giant 4 Fl. Oz.
Only \$16.95 CODE
00547.

STUD 100 SPRAY

- Just spray this special formula on the head of your erect cock and the result will make any woman you fuck start begging you to stop because you'll last longer than any man she ever had! You'll be a legend in your own time!

CODE 01420 \$3.95







LONGTIME CREME — You'll make her cry
"enough"! She'll be begging you to stop because
you'll give her so much long, hard cock! ¼ oz.
CODE 03574 \$4.95 1½ oz. CODE 03657 \$7.95

Valentine Products, Inc. Dept. CP464 PO Box 6400. Newtown. CT 06470

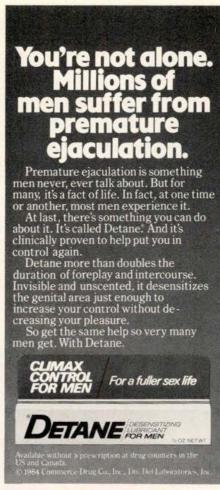
Please rush me the items listed below. I have enclosed my check, money order or charge into plus \$195 per item to cover postage and handling. CT residents add sales tax.

CANADIANS! All products are available to you from TLC Marketing. Inc. PO Box 722. Niagara Fails. Ont L2E6V5. Please add 25% plus \$2.50 P&H each. Shipped from within Canada. Ont. residents please add sales tax.

CODE	PRICE	P&H	TOTAL
	-	+ \$1.95	=\$
	1	+\$1.95	=\$
		+\$1.95	=\$
		+\$1.95	=\$
		+\$1.95	=\$
	TOTAL E	NCLOSED	=\$

A FULL-COLOR CATALOG OF EROTICA WITH EVERY ORDER	
SIGNATURE (Lam over 18 years	of anal
ADDRESS	M. 8997.
CITY	
STATE MasterCard	ZIP
U VISA L MasterCard	
Interbank No.	Exp. Date















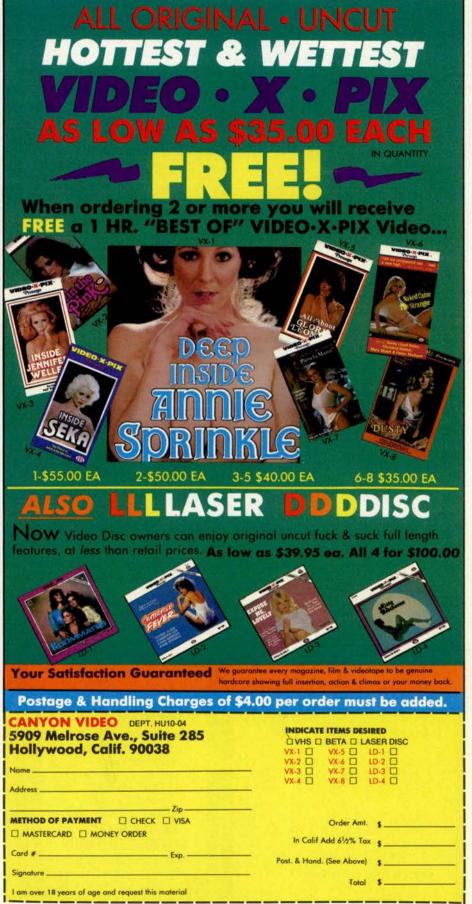
NO MATTER WHAT SIZE YOU ARE NOW...YOU WILL GAIN UP TO 4 INCHES, NOT IN 6 WEEKS... BUT WITHIN 48 HOURS... AND IT'S GUARANTEED!

That's right! If you are 6 inches when erect we guarantee to make your penis up to 4 inches longer also thicker and firmer. You no longer need pills, drugs or weights. The TENSOR is the simple, natural way to prosthetically increase your penis to it's maximum dimensions. It will also help control premature ejaculation. The TENSOR does all this and we GUARANTEE IT! Now being sold exclusively by mail.

The regular price is \$19.95 Only \$695

Special Customized Heavy Duty Model only \$9.95
Mail to: HOLMES & ASSOC. Dept. 1010
P.O. Box 64748, Los Angeles, CA 90064





HORNY?

Phone Sex



Six Calls for the Price of One!

1-203-886-5501

Six Calls for \$25!

within a 30 day period.

NOW OPEN

We accept MasterCard and Visa or send Money Order to:

Donna's Phone-Mates

> P.O. Box 466 Norwich, CT 06360









[213]659-4SEX

OVER 50 GIRLS!



A Division of Audio Controls Corp

Fantasy Phone inc.

THE ORIGINAL AND STILL #1

TOLL FREE # 1-800-521-7008

if busy or you live in

Michigan or Canada Call (313) 543-8500

Discreet & Sensual

- Hot Loving!

Call with any phone request One of our sexy girls will immediately call you back.

7 DAYS-24 HOURS

Free Long-Distance
CALL BACKS



A TOUCH OF CLASS





Let Tiffany share your most erotic fantasies. Enjoy live unrestricted conversations.

CALL NOW 1-714-261-0400

CALL ME
RIGHT
NOW IF
YOU CAN
HANDLE
AN
INTENSE
ORGASM



OVER THE PHONE.

JODI 24 hrs. MASTER/VISA

LOOKING FOR REAL MEN

(818)

760-8171



I am a 21 year oid college girl tired of cumquick boys. I'm not a pro. Just a school girl in need of a man over 21 that will fill me with his long lasting love. I have lots of pictures that my younger brother took of me in all kinds of wide open poses, if you know what I mean. I'm just dying to share them with you. Please enclose \$3.00 to cover the costs of photos and my fast honest written reply.

CHRISSIE KEYS
P.O. Box 2134 - Short Beach, CT 06405
P.S. I want to travel when school is out. Maybe we can get





PHONE SEX

teri

I TALK ABOUT MY STRANGE, SECRET EROTIC DESIRES TILL YOU CLIMAX AS NEVER BEFORE (212) 683-1555

7 DAYS / 24 HOURS
MASTERCHARGE & VISA ACCEPTED



SWINGERS HOT LINE

NAMES & PHONE NUMBERS OF SWINGING GIRLS, GUYS COUPLES & BI'S IN YOUR AREA ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU.

FREE SERVICE Since 1966

CALL NOW 1-901-458-6593

P.O.BOX 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122



(a girl's best friend)

The greatest new party gift ever

(The perfect gift for that special girl)

The SEXERCISE Machine never tires lasts as long as you desire never turns you down, doesn't stay late at the office, you determine size.

- · Assembled from easy to purchase parts.
- · Detailed assembly drawings
- A child could put together but only adults can use.
- Ideal gift for handy person even replaces the hand.

You will receive a complete 2 page set of Assembly Blue Prints and position illustrations for only \$9.95 plus \$1.00 shipping



KING ENTERPRISES, INC. P.O. BOX 18316 EAST HARTFORD, CT 06118

Please send () sets of Blue Prints. I have enclosed

☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Total _____

Name ______Signature _____

Address _

City ____ State ___ Zip _

I am over 19 years of age and request this



Whip me,

Beat me

Fuck me,

Eat me

Call me
"LETS CLIMAX
TOGETHER!"

FREE Call Backs - ALL Major Credit Cards

(818) 906-3041





HOT PHONE SEX

GET OFF OVER THE PHONE CALL OUR SEXY LADIES OR HAVE THEM CALL YOU EXCITING BOOK OF SEXY PHOTOS

CALL NOW! 1-618-875-6000

> P.O. BOX 513A ST. LOUIS, MO 63166

CLUB SWINGER

SWINGING GIRLS, COUPLES, GUYS & BI'S IN YOUR AREA

WHO WANT TO MEET YOU NOW

PLUS PHONE NUMBERS AND ADDRESSES

CALL NOW 1 - 618 - 874 - 1000

> P.O. BOX 525A ST. LOUIS, MO 63166



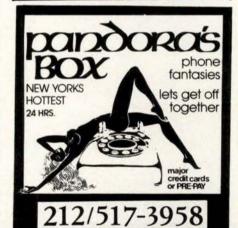


MISTRESS MAXINE 212-307-5570 MC/VISA





(213) 271-4240 FREE Call-Backs • VISA MC



REAL SEX OVER THE PHONE...

Let a Sexy, Horny, Beautiful Woman turn you on with her most Intimate Fantasies

Ask for Mickey

Visa/MC

FREE Long Distance Call-Backs

213) 271-4249





GET BOTH "STARLET" & "TOTAL SEX" ON ONE









TAHITI TWOSOME—Young blonde tourist meets sultry native girl and it explodes! 8mm Code 12401* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 12419* \$29.95

GET BOTH "DOOR-TO-DOOR" &
"TAHLTI" ON ONE
VIDEOCASSETTE: VBS CODE
12443* or BETA II CODE 12435*
244.95 EACH

No Risk Unconditional Guarantee!

Every item in this ad comes with a foolproof guarantee. If after your 14-day home trial, you aren't completely delighted, just return your purchase for a prompt full refund. No questions asked.

PS & VIBRATES TO REAL

Give her (and yourself)
new thrills with NYMPHOMAN inst IAC DROPS, SPURIOUS SPANISH FIY HARD-ON DROPS All cre
3 for just \$14.95 Code 05637* \$8.



his cock, then five nurses really take care of him! 8mm Code 15206* \$29.95; Super 8mm Code 15214* \$29.95 Super 8mm Sound Code 15222* \$39.95











DELIVERY MAN' ON ONE VIDEOCASSETTE: VBS CODE 14944* or BETR II CODE 14936* 149.95 EACH

WARNING:

These films are of a highly explicit nature. **Purchase by** minors

prohibited.



SUPER DONG—9" LONG 2"THICK—Fill her to the with this life-like and flex

10 BEE-LINE NOVELS-Ten of the hottest books in America from best-selling Bee-Line Books— TEN DOUBLE NOVELS FOR ONLY \$19.95 Code 00588

EARD-ON PILLS—Get in-stant erotic energy for e moments when your it is willing but the flesh is a weakened! Code 09407*

ANAL INTRUDER COLLECTION—The special rator plus 5 great at-himents let you give every the pleasure or pain it eds! Code 00505* \$18.95

ENEMA DIGEST-Over

100 close-up pictures and

A FULL-COLOR CATALOG OF EROTICA WITH EVERY ORDER

WET WILD AND WHITE-HOT BOOKS! THE ILLUSTRATED PENIS





COLLECTOR'S EROTIC
TRIO—Get "STUD", "SEX
BY PRESCRIPTION" and
"CARNAL MEN"! Hot text and pictures too. ALL THREE FOR JUST \$9.95

subtotal

FULLY ILLUSTRATED book

than you ever dream Code 09449 \$10.95

Dept. MP956

Total

shows you all there shows you some new tricks that can make sex better is to know about the joys of anal eroti-\$9.95

vivid text

Valentine Products, Inc., P.O. Box 6400, Newtown, CT 06470 Enclosed is my check, money order or charge info for the items I have listed below. I have added \$1.95 for P&H partition (CTT) PRICE

ed\$1.95 for P&H per My order will arrive I may return it withit totally satisfied. Ple CANADIANS! Product oyou from TLC Ma Niagara Falls, Ont. L. \$2.50 P&H Shipped findd sales tax. All file	" of items ordered		
Name	II \$49.95! All	Video \$59.95.	
Signature (I am over 18 ye	ears of age)		
Address			
City	State	Zip	
☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard		Interbank No	Mo.

total P&H Enclosed

V.P.I., 22 Commerce Rd., Newtown, CT 06470









CALL 213-651-0825

Get turned on by phone when I give your permission to have sex your way. Call me, Pleasure, or one of my girl friends, or guys at 1-901-454-6026

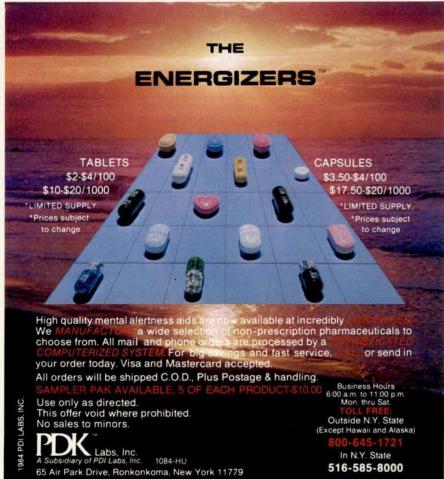
Free

Free

Sexy swingers girls, guys, couples names and phone numbers in your area call **Tasha**

1-901-323-9401

P.O. Box 22715 Memphis, TN 38122





OUR MONEYBACK GUARANTEE



"ASS ATTACK"

■ V VOLUME #2 FUCK'EM ALL"

■ V VOLUME #3 SPECTACULAR ORGASMS'

GIRLS WHO CRAVE BIG COCKS"

these girls 10 inches of and they it just laugh they held tooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks big and hard and library they have been supported to the cooks because the

■ ✓ VOLUME #5 "GIRLS WHO EAT CUM"

Sensational **New Video Tapes** FEATURING

Eleven of the Hottest Girls Today INCLUDING Tina Marie, Cody Nicole Cara Lott, Laure Smith, Janey Robbins Erica Boyer, Tracey Donovan & Morel Complete with Original Soundtrack 50 Minutes Each Volume, 5 Hours Total in VHS or BETA MFG. Suggested Retail: \$59, Each, Your Cost.

ONLY \$12.50

SEND TO: STARR + VIDEO, Dept. AW4
P.O. 80X 5460 + Chicago, Illinois 60680-5460

PRICES: 0 1 @ \$30 - 0 3 @ \$50 - 0 5 @ \$62.50 VIDEO'S: 0 14-1 0 14-2 0 14-3 0 14-4 0 14-5

RUSH Items Indicated. I Enclose \$ Plus P & H.

| MONEYORDER | CHECK | as Payment in Full.

Canadians Ramit in U.S. Funds. No Fareign C. D. U.S.
| Send C.D. O. I Enclose S Extra. Plus S3 Postage & Handling.

ADD \$3 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.

PLEASE SPECIFY: | VHS OR | VBETA

NAME (Print) ADDRESS/APT_ CITY STATE/ZIP

SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE

J Am Over 19 Years of Age and Request This Material

IGINAL PRICE

Just So You Can See The Great Products We Have To Offer . . .

PLUSIII We Guarantee Every Item to be Brand New, All Color, Uncensored Hardcore, or Double Your Money Back!



All-Color HARDCORE Magazines

□ ✓ All Twenty ONLY \$10.00!

Absolutely Brand New & Printed on Heavy Gloss Paper, \$15 Cover Prices Each.

20 Assorted Mags Available

SENSATIONAL New Video Tapes ONLY \$15.00!

Approx. 60 Mins, Each, 5 Hours of Hardcore Sex! eaturing Tina Marie, Cara Lott. Cody Nicole, Laurie Smith, Janey Robbins, Linda Shaw, Kay Parker, Tiffany Clark, Serena And More!!!

5 Assorted Video's Available





BMM & Super 8 Hardcore Films

NLY \$12.00 !!
All Films Fit Standard
200 Ft. Projectors.
Featuring Annette Haven
Seka Aunt Pag. Usa De Leem

MIX N' MATCH FOR GREATER SAVINGS!!!

1 = All 20 MAGAZINES & 5 VIDEO'S Only \$21.00 (SAVE \$4.00)

2 MAGAZINES & 6 FILMS ONLY \$21.00 (SAVE!!!)

3 = All 20 MAGAZINES & All 5 VIDEO'S & All 6 FILMS ONLY \$30.00 (SAVE \$7.00)

USE ENTIRE AD TO ORDER - CHECK PRICES & SELECTIONS

DUNNS DISTRIBUTING, Dept. AW4
664 North Michigan Avenue.
Suite 1010-2 M40, Chicago, Illinois 60811

BUSH Items Indicated. Enclose \$

MONEY ORDER
Checks of Sextra Plus \$3 Postage & Handling
ADD \$3 FOR POSTAGE & HANDLING.
PLEASE SPECIFY: UVHS UVBETA-UV8mm UV8uper8

NAME (Print) ADDRESS/APT STATE/ZIP

SIGNATURE/AGE/DATE

Am Over 19 Years of Age and Request This Material



Two 60 Min. Video Tapes

Featuring Savage Anal Sex!

VIDEO* 1: Two sex-starved rock promotors literally tear a bud-ding young singer in half Stars Erica Boyer

VIDEO *2: A sizzling 4-way with a 12" cock pounding a pert, juicy ass slit! Stars Erica Boyer & Cara Lott Your Cost

NLY \$15.00!



Check Selections: □"1 □"2 □"3 □"4
□Any 1 # \$8 □Any 2 # \$13 □All 4 # \$18
□Video's-Only \$20. □"1-□"2 □VHS □BETA ☐Two Video's Plus Any FREE! Mag - \$30 □4 Mags & Two Video's - Only \$38! SAVE! OVHS DBETA

PROGRESSIVE PUBLICATIONS AW4
P.O. BOX M-827 * GARY, INDIANA 46401-0827 GENTLEMEN! Please Send the Item(s) Indicated.
IEnclose * Note Add *2 for Post & Handlis

UM.O. □Check Fastest Service w/ Cash or M.

Name	Print)

п	Name (Print)	
ě	Address/Apt	
į	City	A STATE OF THE PARTY OF THE PAR
ă	State	Zip
		am over 18 years of age and believ

Date



100 pills | 500 pills | 1000 pills \$7.50 \$17.50 \$30.00 5 BOTTLES of 100'S for \$30.00

10 BOTTLES of 100'S for \$50.00

ADD \$2.00 FIRST CLASS POSTAGE
TO MAIL
ORDER, SEND
CHE
CHE
P.O.BOX 534 □M.O. □COD Noblesville, IN 46060

M.O. LICOLD AT STATE AND A STA





HAVE AN EARGASM!

ANYTIME (818) 24 HOURS 7 DAYS

767-GI

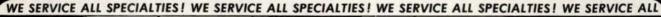
ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED. give great phone













WHY WAIT!? WHEN YOU CAN GET IT ON WITH ANY ONE OR TWO FOXY CHICKS LIKE THESE RIGHT NOW!



CALL US, WE'RE WAITING. WE DO IT ANYWAY YOU LIKE! SERVICEING SPECIALTIES!

(818) 767-4475 J



SWINGERS KIT



CUMS COMPLETE with batteries and a top-ofthe-line VIBRATOR and a HOST OF ACCES-SORIES: a veined penis sleeve, anal sleeve, vaginal sleeve, nipple sleeve. ROMP ALL NIGHT with this KINKY BOX OF TRICKS. The vibrator is 7" plus sleeves! Orgy onward!

174D

\$15.00

Try it, you'll cream all over it. Made of

lifelike latex, it has

that'll shake your

and pump up for

some real fun. Re-

quires two AA bat-

Prepare for a

BLAST

teries, not included.

\$23.00

a little motor built-in

socks off! Press the

squeeze ball pump

PLEASURE PECKERS

Six, seven or eightinch ersatz penis Strap one on her for that she-male look! Or slide it over your cock and her wild with double-dick dreams. This is a



lifelike penis that stands rigid yet is soft and supple, hollow inside and LOTS of FUN!

\$6.00 ea

GOLD BEN WA BALLS



Present it to her in this elegant, cutglass-style lucite gift case, nested in red velvet. These sensuous Ben Wa balls will give her the sex secret of the centuries: two heavy metal globes swirling inside her vagina, offering orgasmic

237B

STUD

DUKE

MAN SUPER HANDLER STUD

HOT PINK PECKERS

277A

LOVE

DOLL

She's BUILT FOR

FRENCH, BUILT FOR GREEK and

BUILT for YOUR

kind of fuck! Five

feet tall, she's ful-

ly inflatable,

open mouth.

washable, with

ready pussy and

She CUMS with

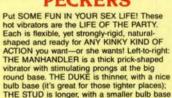
panties, pink nip-ples and pleasure

lifelike tresses.

in all the right

\$35.00

places



carved and ridged near the base \$12.00 ea.

and an arc-up shape that'll send a thrill to the right places. The SUPER STUD is thick,



103A 103B 103C

PULSATING PUSSY



Oh, really? A vibrating remote control vagina? Admit it, you've been wanting to try it, just for kicks. This is where the kicks start. A hightech version of the ol' pocket pal that used to be manually operated. Now try it with power.

\$20.00 152C

259KR 259HR 259GR 259YR

SHOGUN VIBRATOR

EJACUMATIC



272D

A Multi-Speed handheld sword-like penisshaped hyphenated orgasm generator. THAT'S a mouthfull And THIS is a hand full! Like a Samuri warrior's hardon, pointing ever-soslightly to the moon. Sunk in a shaft of pleasure knobs.

\$16.00

CONSTANT

POWER

VIBRATOR CONSTANT POWER means HOUR AFTER HOUR of pulsating,

wall, plug the penis-shaped vibrator into her and watch her CLIMB THE WALLS.

PENIS ENLARGER PUMP



The PENIS ENLARGER comes complete with that famous book: "How to Enlarge Your Penis. Make the girls cry - for MORE! Do you dream of gagging Linda Lovelace with your huge dong? Do it to it. It's helped thousands of men, why not you, too?

272A

\$25.00

BEDROOMTICKLER



190B

feel. Multi-colored, multi-fingered fun. \$11.00

This is a SIX-PAC of

penis add-ons (put-ons, too) that'll bring

a smile to your face, her face and anyone else watching. Soft,

prickly-tickly condom like sleeves that are

KINKY to the look and FUNKY to the

FIST FUCKER



anal opening. Use a finger, use a prick, or turn it around—anal side up— and use your fist! The FIST FUCKER is built for the MULTIPLE PLEAS-URE APPROACH, Deep inside is a powerful VIBRATOR, throbbing and buzzing. FIST FUCKER is an erotic dream-machine. THROBS LIKE THE REAL THING!

CUM inside the tight

pussy, or cum inside the

\$20.00 152G

CLITERIFFIC MAN & BEAR TWISTER

406A



passionate pleasure-play. KEEP HER IN ECSTASY NIGHT AND DAY with these LONG, HARD (AND YET SOFT TO-THE-TOUCH) EIGHT-INGH electric vibrators. PLUG the cord into the

266T \$25.00 ea. 266H

> SWEDISH CLIT TIMULATOR



What's the worst thing that can happen, when you're SUPER-HORNY, SUPER-HOT, and SUPER-READY for a long night of ter-rific lovemaking? That's right...you shoot that fantastic load of cum before your beautiful lady has even gotten started ERECTALL has been developed and specially formulated by sex scientists to put the punch back in your penis...and keep it there! Designed to desensitize your dong, you'll be able to fuck all night.

199A

\$6.00

ANAL INTRUDER



401G

No, no, no, the CLIT doesn't have to be Swedish! THE STIMULATOR is a Swedish design. Why? Long cold winters, you get to stay in bed a long time at a stretch. A year-round vibrator with a penis-shaped and two ridged bulbs

\$12.00

FOR THE SERI OUS COLLECTOR OF EROTICA WHO'S INTO ANAL FUN! THE ULTI-MATE ANAL KIT The foundation of the fun starts with a 7-inch vibrator, batteries included so you can get right in to action, with your partner's bottom up

25.00 533A

CALL TOLL FREE 1-800-421-7251 FOR VISA OR MASTERCARD USE ONLY

ERIK IMPORTS

2326 Cotner Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90064 DEPT. HS201 Add \$3.00 per order for handling & postage. Calif. residents add 61/2% Sales Tax. OFFER VOID IN CANADA

x	Signature	I certify I am over 1	9 years of age
Name			
Addres	s		
City		State	Zip
☐ char Card N		it card as follows:	☐ MasterCard ☐ VISA Exp.Date

Card No.				Exp. Da	te
☐ 174D	\$15.00	☐ 152C	\$20.00	☐ 190B	\$11.00
☐ 103A	\$6.00	☐ 259KR	\$12.00	☐ 152G	\$20.00
☐ 103B	\$6.00	☐ 259HR	\$12.00	☐ 266H	\$25.00
☐ 103C	\$6.00	☐ 259GR	\$12.00	□ 266T	\$25.00
☐ 237B	\$10.00	☐ 259YR	\$12.00	☐ 199A	\$6.00
☐ 277A	\$35.00	☐ 406A	\$16.00	☐ 401G	\$12.00
☐ 272D	\$23.00	□ 272A	\$25.00	□ 533A	\$25.00

Please send free illustrated brochure.



BEDTIME

AN ADULT VIDEO GAME FROM ANTZ

EXPLICIT COLOR GRAPHICS MUSIC AND SOUND EFFECTS

Play on and off the screen with your partner(s). Play B-E-D-T-I-M-E and you'll discover why it's called a joystick

For the Commodore 64 and compatible systems Must be 18 yrs. or older.

Send check or money order with Name, Address and state Disk or Cassette to:

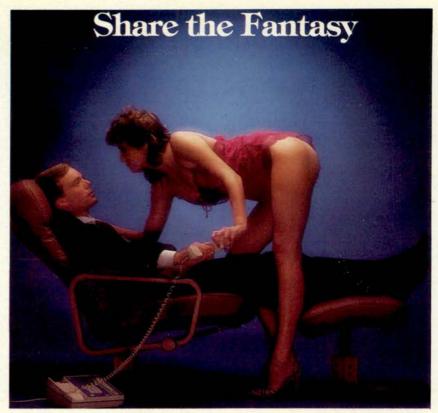
ANTZ

P.O. Box 39, Emmaus, PA 18049

ceeding recommended dose may cause

nervousness, sleeplessness or change in

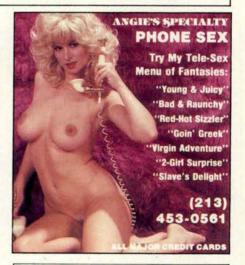
heart rate and rhythm. No sold to minors NOT SOLD TO MINORS



Make it a Reality CALL NOW 1-(314) 361-7117 *Call Day or Night* Live, not a recording.



MAIL TO:



I've Got a Box For You

Hi, my name is Sandy. I'm a "model," if you know what I mean. I'll pose for you in any position you like, alone or with friends of either sex. And if you want to be in the right place at the right time, I'll do a lot more than just pose. In a small town like this there just isn't enough action to keep a girl going. But I love it and don't want to leave. So I'm branching out and trying to make friends all Send me \$3.00 and I'll rush back my sample box of special photos. Tell me

BODY DYNAMICS IN

P.O. BOX 36039

OAKLANDON IN 46236



how you want me and I'll try to include some shots to your specifications. Over 18, please Sandy Michaels, Box 191 052 Wellsburg, W. Va. 26070



ESCORTS UNLIMITED Women that come to you. Chicagoland only! Girls apply 312-935-4226

WANTED! MEN! Financially secure women nationwide looking for love/sex! Call Linda 1-312-262-9800, Box 300-H, Kenilworth, IL 60043.

SINGLE GUYS! Meet swingers for hot action/fun times. 1-312-274-9600, Melinda, Box 345-H, Kenilworth, IL 60043.

TASTE THE EROTIC PLEASURES of Oriental Sex! 1-312-262-6900, Mai Sin, Box 300-LA, Kenilworth, IL 60043.

ORAL/ANAL SEX & MUCH MORE! Call Kristy to meet that *special* woman . . . 1-312-262-9030, Box 59238-0M, Chicago, IL 60659.

iLLAME A CHARA! 1-312-989-4816 Cualquier tiempo para encountrar amigas sexuales ahora!

HAVE A SEXY GIRL call you today! Send \$1, your name, phone number and best time to call to Lynne, P.O. Box 405-LA, Wilmette, IL 60091.

MEN! HAVE FUN! MAKE MONEY! Provide special intimate services to ladies who request and pay for it. Details, \$2.00. Special Services, Box 210-H, Ft. Lauderdale, FL 33302.

HOT & LONELY STEWARDESS I'd love to hear from you. I've traveled the world alone. I'll share ALL of me. Send S.A.S.E. & \$5.00 for the sizzle under my uniform, revealing color photos, to: Kay, P.O. Box 16725 Irvine, CA 92713. Maybe we can go around the world?

EAROTICA-1-312-883-7294 We

love to fuck & suck Specialists in S&M, B&D, French, English & Greek culture. Watersports & lesbianusm. Let's cum together. VISA/MC.





Call me for some erotic loving over the phone and have it your way. Call Easy 1-901-327-8008 P.O. Box 22695, Memphis, TN 38122



G-O-O-O-D PHONE!

CALL NOW! CUM NOW!



(213) 657-5580

I'M READY TO CUM WITH YOUR VOICE NOW. STICK IT TO ME!

I'M HOT & JUICY & WAITING FOR YOU. MC, VISA FREE CALL BACK



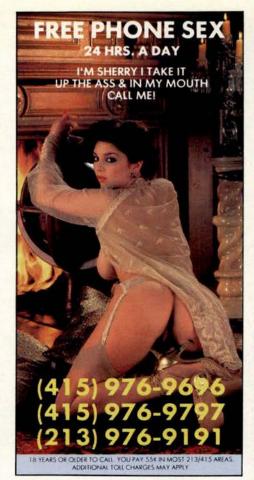


0000000 0000000 SEXCITING SEX AIDS 0 For You And Your Partner! 0000000 0000000 THE U.S. GOVERNMENT has Here are 3 devices that offer a novel approach to your feelings of inadequacy declared it unlawful to promise about the size and firmness of your erection, your staying power & strength permanent penis enlargement of ejaculation. You also receive NOVEL MASSAGE and a sensation you from using this device. Can half never believed possible. You control the rhythmic stroking . . . Don't be caught \$29.95 a million satisfied buyers be SHORT — order yours TODAY. No. 9153 wrong? You can decide for your-No. 9154 FREE SUPER PULSATOR self GIF DELUXE REMOTE CONTROL "PULSATOR" **PENIS PUMP** PENIS PUMP — No. 9153 \$29.95 Informative Booklet: Facts about Penis Size & TRO EXTENSION Enlargement," reg. \$4, yours FREE with any (erection not necessary) Pulsator Photo Illustrated THE "SAUNA" PULSATOR No. 9002 PENIS PUMP No. 9155 \$32.95 \$19.95 Inside Magic Extends you 2 inches, stimulates both you and your THERAPEUTIC AID Power partner. Goes in deeper for added pleasure. Now the Designed to aid in overcoming im-Erection man can offer deep, tingling excitement plus extra potency of psychological origin. Helps length. you hold back by reducing frictional Ring sensations. Absolutely safe to use. Patented. Maintains erection as long Any Size, \$10.95 as desired, even after multiple or-Medium, 61/2" x 15/8" No. 9021 gasms. Safe, medically tested, used Large, 71/4" x 2 over 5 years in Japan. Adjusts to Head Enlarger & Desensitizer fits over fit any penis, locks tight, releases the head of the male organ. Held seinstantly, can be used with condom, curely without straps because of special does not inhibit ejaculation. Well comfort texture inside. For those who Feels Like Real Flesh! made, lasts for years. Not cheap, but want everlasting control, who want to Warm water makes it come alive! As feel bigger, fatter, harder at the head (where it counts). A \$6.95 value . . . there's nothing else like it. you fill it, it grows firmer, assumes the normal curvature of the erect No. 9140 Magic Power Ring \$14.95 penis, warm like human organ. Best of all, the FREE with order over \$10. sensation of water moving within the AQUA-MATE creates unique orgasmic thrill all its own DO YOU FEEL INFERIOR? DO YOU LEAVE YOUR PARTNER UNSATISFIED? DO YOU MISS THE REAL PLEASURE YOURSELF? . . . THE MALE EXTENSION No. 9016 \$12.95 COULD BE THE SECRET TO GREATER JOY THAN YOU THOUGHT POSSIBLE. Provides the extra inches so im-LTLYTLYTLYTLY portant to the man with smaller or average size penis. "Extends" you & helps improve performance, adequacy, adds pleasure for both partners. Helps to reach important female erogenous areas. Your mate need not even know it's there . . . UNIVERSAL HARNESS but she'll know the thrill and the difference it makes. Made of rigid plastic materials with soft latex wall. 2" Extension This heavy duty all-\$8.95 each No. 9005-B No. 9006 No. 9005 purpose device is worn like an athletic supporter. Almost any artificial penis slips No. 904 through the stretchable hole and is held Neumo Penis Aid No straps needed firmly in place during penetration. No. 9032 No. 9047 \$4 95 Inner air bladder holds it on. Stays on until you release ARTIFICIAL PENISES pressure. Can help produce and sustain erection or will hold on soft organ. Life-like veins, corona and special clitoral simulator at base. Can also be used as extension, aid to prowith heavy duty straps (erection not necessary) longed intercourse #1 with clitoris stimulator. Hollow, with stimulator at base. Life-like 6", 7" or 8" Size, \$14.95 9" Size, \$16.95 No. 9019 - specify length veins & corona. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" No. 9032 \$9.95 ea. #2 with scrotum. Very life-like 6". 7", 8" or 9" No. 9044 \$9.95 ea. H. Svenson Co., Dept. S450, Box 505, Van Nuys, Ca. 91408 #3 natural curve. With triple corona to create deep sensations at each Gentlemen: Please rush me in plain sealed wrapper the items I have listed below. I hereby certify ridge. Slithers past the outer lips & into the vagina for wild sensation No. 9042 \$9.95 ea. Specify 6", 7", 8" or 9" that I am over the age of 18. ITEM NO. ITEM DESCRIPTION and/or SIZE STA-HARD & TINGLE LOTION Want to make the Dick harder, rougher & tingle the Pussy like a French Tickler with no harmful effects? Helps DELAY CLIMAX love it, she'll love it even more. No. 7011 Sample Bottle, \$5.00 No. 7012 4-Ounce Bottle (Year's Supply) \$12.50 Total amount of order ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ERECTION OIL & CREAM Add \$2 for postage & handling \$2.00 ☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose a \$10 Calif. residents add 61/2% sales tax Formulated to enhance your hard-on. In a sensuous tru-fruit oil cash or M.O. deposit. I will pay base. When rubbed briskly onto the head & shaft it causes a flow balance + \$4 service charge to If desired, add \$2 for airmail, of blood and a delicious warming sensation. You'll get hard quick postman. and stay hard. She'll love the taste & smell. You'll both love the Total amount enclosed smooth lubricating qualities. You owe it to yourself to try it now No. 7013 Erection Oil ... No. 7014 Erection Cream Name (please print). \$5.00 each. No CODs outside USA or to military bases

SEE INSIDE FRONT COVER LABS INC. 2051 Pontius Ave., Dept. HU10-4 Los Angeles, CA 90025 (213) 477-2038 TOLL FREE 1-800-458-4336 (45-VIDEO) Feature Films \$69 Each Preview Tapes \$29 Each or Both for \$49. FORMAT BETA VHS Enclosed is ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ Mastercard ☐ VISA Card # Exp. date **Indicate Titles By Name** Subtotal CA Res. 6% sales tax Shipping (U.P.S.) \$4 TOTAL_ Signature (No order shipped without signature certifying legal age) All tapes 100% guaranteed against manufacturer's defects if returned within 10 days—they will be replaced title for title. Personal checks take 3 weeks to clear. Valid Credit Cards and Money Orders processed immediately.

All tapes in mint condition and direct from original

manufacturer





I NEED

Sometimes I get the irch so bad that all 113 pounds of me cries out to be crammed full of your love. Are you man enough for me? If you think so, I'll send you 8 photos of me nude, posed just the way you'd want me. Please enclose \$3 to cover the costs. Please hurry!

DEBBIE GREENE
P.O. Box 483 N141
Bridgeport, Ohio 43912
(P.S. I'm not a pro, but a real small town girl with an itch for the big time.)



IF YOU ARE HIGHLY SUSCEPTIBLE TO SEXUAL STIMULATION, CALL ME OR ONE OF MY FOXY GIRL FRIENDS. WE'LL SERVE YOU ANYWAY YOU LIKE IT, SO YOU'LL CUM AGAIN... AND AGAIN!

MASTERCARD/VISA ACCEPTED

CALL 213-651-0820



(213) 854-3425 🕯

24 HRS. MC, VISA

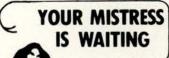


OVER EIGHTY GIRLS TO CHOOSE FROM! ALL RACES, SHAPES, SIZES, AND INTERESTS FROM STRAIGHT SEX TO WATER SPORTS \$25 BETWEEN 2 & 5 A.M.



your call.
Talk dirty to
me . . . I'll rub
my nipples
hard—I
want to
cum with
your
phone
fantasies."

(213) 450-5346 ALL MAJOR CREDIT CARDS



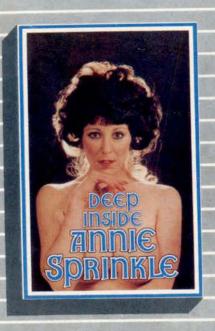
She will fulfill all your fetishes and fantasies on the telephone

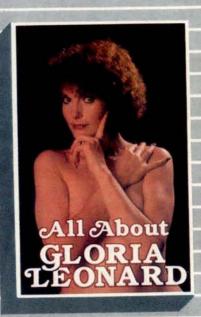
MISTRESS MORGAN (212) 582-8181

24 hrs. MASTER or VISA only

VIDEO -X-PIX Presents

HAVE WE GOT A GIRL FOR YOU! TAKE HER HON TONIGHT





Five of the all-tip bestselling adult features

Available on Video Cassette \$39.95







AVAILABLE AT YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR CALL (800) 223-4056 or (212) 489-8130.

Distributed by A & H Video N.Y., N.Y.

FULL-LENGTH COLOR FEATURE PRESENTATIONS
DIRECT FROM THEATERS TO YOUR HOME







Have you ever envied men who had tremendous penis dimensions? . . . erect measurements of 8, 9, even 10 inches? Many devices have been put on the market to massage, exercise and enlarge the male penis, but none comes close to the MEASURE-X. We gladly stack our product against any other enlarger on the market, regardless of price. Even electric models costing \$60 and more. And to back up our claim we give you something no other company dares to give you - a money back guarantee with 10-day free trial. Amazing offer . . . amazing product. Won't she be surprised & delighted when she sees the new you?

SUCTION

SIMPLY APPLY

LUBRICANT FOR PERFECT BOND

ADD \$1 POSTAGE & HANDLING

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Ten-day trial offer. Full refund if you don't find the MEASURE-X produces the greatest suction and most pleasurable enlargement massage of any enlarger on the market, regardless of price.

Send To: VICTOR PRODUCTS, Dept 133 11736 Vose St., North Hollywood, CA 91605

Name_	
Addr	
	Zip
	□ CHECK □ M.O. □ VISA □ M.C.
Card # _	
Expires	

Telephone CAUTION: Persons under medical care should consult their physicians before taking any medication. Use only as directed. Products not intended for repackaging or resale without State license. All products contain ephedrine sulfate &/or caffeine.

Address

State

Zip

City

day

Quantity

Total Amount Enclosed \$.

Free Catalog







2 or more \$5.00 EACH

CARDINAL PUBLISHING, DEPT. 317

PHOTO ID











I Specialize in Phone Sex With Married Men

Your wife can't possibly do for you what I will. You wouldn't dare talk to her about the subjects we'll get into. No taboos between you and me. And the unusual techniques I use will excite you beyond belief.

CALL AMY (212) 307-5570



AMERICA'S HOTTEST ADULT VIDEO LINE FOR SALE OR RENT

NO VIDEO STORE IS COMPLETE WITHOUT THE ENTIRE **ESSEX VIDEO LINE!**



PREMIERE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE ENTIRE FAMILY -**OVER 18!**





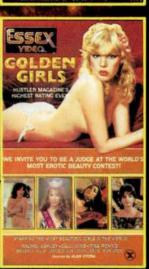












BE SURE TO WATCH FOR THESE OUTSTANDING NEW RELEASES FROM:





I Wanna be Jeased!

	1	ONL	1	
_	≥ 3		3	
4	3	EACH	7	
	4	W	11	_

ESSEX VIDEO.

AVAILABLE ON

Wonderful World of Video - Mailorder VIDEOCASSETTE FROM: 6319 Hollywood Blvd., Hollywood, CA 90028

NAME	PHONEPHONE	•
ADDRESS	STATE DRIVERS LIC. NO.	
CITY/STATE/ZIP	BIRTH DATE	
TITLES ORDER	☐ BETA ☐ VHS ☐ C.O.D. ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER ☐ VISA ☐ MASTERO	
	CARD # EXP. DATE	
	INTERBANK #	-
	INCLUDE \$5.00 SHIPPING & HANDLING	

FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOG OF ESSEX VIDEO PRODUCTS CALL: (213) 465-8677 OR 1-800 421-0482



Telephone Fantasies

or



LACE DONNA SOFT & SEDUCTIVE

IT'S YOUR CHOICE!

24 HOURS MC/VISA ONLY



NO. 1 **FANTASY** PHONE

LET'S COME TOGETHER ON THE TELEPHONE 212-307-5570 24 hrs. MASTER or VISA only

SWINGERS HOT LINE

COUPLES & BI'S IN YOUR AREA ANXIOUS TO MEET YOU.

FREE SERVICE Since 1966

CALL NOW 1-901-458-6593

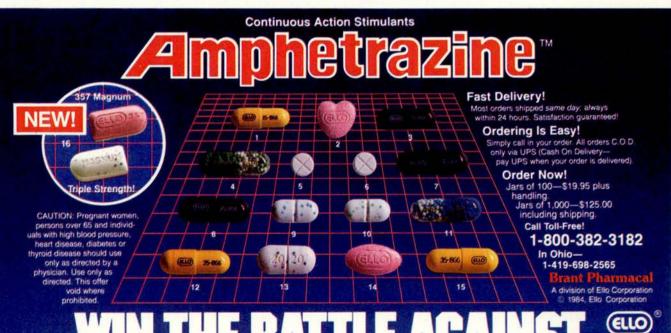
P.O.BOX 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122

ree Phone Sex

GET OFF OVER THE PHONE Call Our Sexy Ladies or

Have Them Call You! Call Now 1-901-452-5786

P.O.BOX 22705 Memphis, Tn. 38122



Stay alert for that long drive home. Beat back that tired, drowsy feeling during study or when you have to keep going.

One per customer. Pre-paid

Sample Amphetrazine™

Brant Pharmacal 4937 Woodville Road Northwood, Ohio 43619

for just

Perk up a dreary day in the house or at work with the most effective combinations of body stimulants and mental alertness aids available without a prescription! Absolute top quality! All popular sizes and strengths!



(D) BILL HIGGINS (G

SIGNATURE

Post. & Hand. (See above)

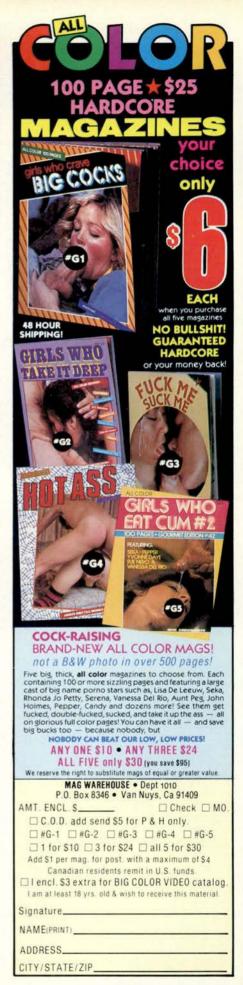
Total .. \$_











10 EVEN 12 FULL INCHES! The MACRO-TEN is the ONLY PENIS

DEVELOPER you will ever need!

is the size of your penis bringing you down? Sure, the medical authorities say the size doesn't count; but as long as women have a need to be filled, they will demand the full measure of devotion. And no amount of psychological reassurance will fill the gap between expectation and reality.

Now, with a simple device you can follow in the footsteps of thou who have proven that there is a way to INCREASE PENIS SIZE and THICKNESS!

The device is called the MACRO-TEN ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER. A safe and proven natural way to add inches to penis length and thickness. With the MACRO-TEN, you will see yourself grow to dimensions you never thought possible.

RGE YOUR PENIS TO IT'S MAXIMU

ERECT MEASUREMENTS OF

HOW CAN THE MACRO-TEN **ELECTRIC VACUUM ENLARGER INCREASE PENIS LENGTH &** THICKNESS?

Your erection is caused by blood flowing into hollow caverns inside your penis. The caverns fill with blood and your penis grows in size and thickness and becomes stiffer and stiffer until the caverns are filled with all the blood they can hold. BUT, IF YOU INCREASE THE CAPACITY OF THE CAVERNS BY MAKING THEM BIGGER, THEY HOLD MORE BLOOD and you have a correspondingly longer, thicker penis, Regular use of the MACRO-TEN gently urges the caverns to expand ... expand ... expand. You'll see the astonishing results the first time you use your MACRO-TEN. Your penis will grow inside the clear, picture window sleeve. Immediately you'll see just how really BIG . . . how really ... how LONG ... how HARD and STIFF your own penis can get! And after regular



sessions with the MACRO-TEN you'll probable find as do most men that these size gains don't go away! They become a part of you to thrill and excite her

THE MACRO-TEN IS SIMPLY THE MOST POWERFUL ENLARGEMENT SYSTEM YOU CAN PURCHASE ANYWHERE! AT ANY PRICE!

This powerful, totally electric unit (U.L. approved) is equipped to plug into any wall outlet to give you continuous, even sucking power until you shut it off! Unlike noisy electric vacuum enlargers costing upwards of \$100 — the MACRO-TEN is quite as a whisper." This sophisticated instrument is by far the state of the art in penis enhancing machinery. It has taken time, money and first-class engineering to produce what many have called the "Rolls Royce" of vacuum enlargers. The MACRO-TEN is a finely crafted precision instrument designed to create the vacuum needed to make the male organ LONG and THICKER. If you are truly serious about penis enlargemnt — the

MACRO-TEN will do the job for you! AVAILABLE ONLY BY MAIL NOT SOLD IN STORES

Regular \$69.95

Special introductory price only \$35 complete

OR the Deluxe Model. A heavy duty unit, even more durable and will last a lifetime Also contains assorted cremes and gels for super erotic sensations. A regular \$89.95 value, now only \$40 complete



In a short time you can learn new ways of enjoying sexual ecstasy alone or with your partner! Dozens of techniques are exposed in words and photos. Every act, every method, every device is discussed in detail. Learn to enjoy prolonged periods of continuous ecstasy! To delay your climax as long as you want! To make your climaxes super-charged with power and sensation. A must for the only \$10 connoisseur of erotic delights!



A Completely New & Powerful Triple-Strength

TURN ON FORMULA

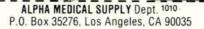
TURN ON is a NEW triple strength formula that will create uncontrolable sexual desire in women (and men) with no harmful effects. After taking — tiny particles of this genuine imported spice find their way into the urinary tract and safely and effectively stimulates the sexual organs of either sex. Resistance just meits away It mixes unnoticed in food or drink. Remember —TURN ON pills are inert formulas that is triple strength and is a sure-fire way to boost your make-out score! 30 day supply is nationally sold for \$12.95 — but check our prices!

full 30 day supply only \$10 full 90 day day supply only \$20 SAVE \$30! a 6 month supply only \$30

SPECIAL	MONEY	SAVING	OFFER
SAVE AN E	XTRA \$30	WHEN YOU	ORDER:

TOTAL MAI		-									
6 Month Supply of TURN ON The Big MASTURBATION Book					٠	٠					.\$10
6 Month Supply of TURN ON									٠	٠	.\$30
MACRO-TEN Electric Vacuum Enlar	ge	T	U	ell	1X	e)	٠	٠	٠	٠	. 340

you pay only \$50 and save \$30



I ☐ Send C.O.D. I enclose \$3 to co	ver additional
postage & handling only	
MACRO-TEN	
□ Regular Model — \$35 □ Deluxe	Model - \$40
I TURN ON	
■ 30 day supply — \$10 □ 90 day	supply - \$20
☐ 6 month supply — \$30	1000 Marie 100 M
□ MASTURBATION Book	\$10
1111	postage & handling only MACRO-TEN ☐ Regular Model — \$35 ☐ Deluxe TURN ON ☐ 30 day supply — \$10 ☐ 90 day ☐ 6 month supply — \$30

SPECIAL MONEY SAVER!

I want to save \$30 extra. Send me the enlarger. TURN ON and the book all for only \$50.

> Canadian residents remit in U.S. funds POSTAGE & HANDLING CHARGES:

Orders to \$30 add \$2 for P&H . Orders over \$30 add \$3 for P&H

NAME (PRINT)		
ADDRESS		

CITY/STATE/7IP CALIF RESIDENTS ADD 61/4% SALES TAX . USE ZIP CODE



Indulge yourself! Here for your everlasting delight are selected titles of some of the world's hottest x-rated movies Experience the wild, wet and electrifying fantasies of such highly acquired running that the second y acclaimed superstars such as Samantha Fox, Veronica Bridgette Monet, Lisa De Leeuw and others. If you are nto really hot realistic x-films —then these five blockbusters and now at prices you can afford!





BRIEF AFFAIRS.

With Annette Haven, Lisa De Leeuw and Bridgette Monet. Watch these sensuous school girls take a lesson in passion. Free and easy over-sexed stu-dents who always want more and go beyond the boundries of erotical

LIQUID ASSETS

Stars Samantha Fox, Veronica Hart and Ron Jeremy. Hysterically funny and scorchingly sexy. Jeremy's sex scene with a blow-up doll is worth the price of the tape.

NIGHTLIFE.

Stars Bridgette Monet, Loni Sanders and Dorothy LeMay. Watching any of these sexsirens in action can take you half way to heaven. All 3 gets you through the gates. It's an erotic tour-de-force of San Francisco's North Beach where sex grew up!

where sex grew up!

PANDORA'S MIRROR.

All star cast with Tifffany Clark,
Veronica Hart. Mariene Willloughby & Kandi Barbour.

Hustler says: "Delivers all the
torrid, high-class, hardcore
action you could handle—
and then some Don't miss it!" and then some. Don't miss it!" TALK DIRTY TO ME part II.



5 N

CITY/STATE/ZIP_

Easily one of the year's best! Stars Bridgette Monet, Nichole Black and John Leslie. A perfect balance of beautiful act-ress, super-stud and ultra-hot action. Hustler, High Society Cheri and Screw magazines

in VHS or BETA format any TWO for \$50

all FIVE only \$80
ABBEY 7313 Melrose Ave. Dept. 1010 Los Angeles, CA 90046
I enclose S as payment in full □ Ship C.O.D. I enclose \$5 for P&H only Allow extra time for personal checks. Calif. residents add 6 ½ % sales tax • Canadian remit in U.S. funds — NO C.O.D. s. Sorry, no charge cards.
□ Brief Affairs □ Liquid Assets □ Nightlife □ Pandora's Mirror □ Talk Dirty to Me - part I □ 2 for \$50 □ 3 for \$65 □ 5 for \$80 □ Beta NOTE add \$3 per order to cover postage & handling.
gnature I am over 18 years of age and request this materi
AMEAGE
DDRESS

(continued from page 14)

doesn't read HUSTLER either. He's not on our subscription list.

TRAGEDY:

Your Playboy ad parody (July '84 Bits and Pieces) was the most distasteful, most offending, most contemptuous and most disgusting item ever to appear in your magazine. Have you no respect for tragedy?

> -L. Durst Champaign, Illinois

We have no respect for men like Paul Snider, who killed Dorothy Stratten, or for magazines like Playboy that hide behind pseudorespectability.

WHERE'S THE DECADENCE?

I can still remember a time a few years back that HUSTLER was for hustlerspeople like me who indulge in lust. Where has the decadence gone? I've personally paid the full cover price of HUSTLER for five years. You've got me, Larry. Or are you still there? -Jon C. Houston, Texas

Well, Jon, we don't think the decadence is gone, and the jailed Larry Flynt is still publisher of what sounds like your favorite magazine. Thanks for reading HUSTLER for five years, and we hope you'll continue to be a reader for many years to come.

HEY, HUSTLER!

I want to tell you that I love your magazine! The articles are interesting, informative and well written. The humoralthough a little sick at times-is terrific and not without a message. Last, but not least, I must say that your women make me hot! (They are so natural and sensuallooking.)

Being a bisexual lady, I often fantasize about getting wet and wild with one of your centerfold Honeys-especially Nikki: Jungle Fever (September '83), whose picture my husband and I have hanging on our bedroom wall. Keep up the hard work. You are the Number 1 adult magazine, and your competitors are limp in comparison.

Oh, and one more thing: Thanks for printing my photo in BEAVER HUNT VOLUME 5. I've received some calls from men who like it, and I get horny whenever I talk to them. -Love and Lust

Melbourne, Florida

BEAVER LOVER:

I just purchased your August '84 issue and, as always, the first thing I turned to was Beaver Hunt. Lo and behold, when I spotted Sandi of Virginia Beach, Virginia, I got an instant hard-on. This beautiful woman, who reminds me of Seka, gets my vote for anything!

I like Beaver Hunt because it showcases everyday women who are not professional models. Everyone looks good and sexy in her own way. I hope Sandi gets to be a Beaver Spotlight girl or a full-fledged -E. O. Farmer model. Chicago, Illinois

DEAR LARRY FLYNT:

Hey, asshole. I'm getting very goddamned tired of you making fun of the black people you put in your magazine. You poor bastard. How would you like to go around in life with my foot up your ass? Well, that's just what is going to happen to you, Mr. Shithead, if you keep making fun of us. You won't need no damn four wheels to sit your ass in, because all you'll need is a suitcase. And I'll be carrying it myself. I would bring your redneck, desensitized body out and hook it on a string and put you on a stage and make you perform in front of the NAACP like Kermit the Frog.

> -The Angry Nigger Rock Island, Illinois

Angry Nigger, you sound like a fun guy.

NO NIGGERS:

I'm getting sick and tired of you showing photos of niggers with white women. It's bad enough that I have to work with them, but I don't want to see them in a magazine I read for enjoyment. Also, how about showing pictures of some wenches with bottles, bananas or cucumbers in their cunts. I'd also like some animal pictures with wenches fucking dogs and things like that. But no monkeysmonkeys are just like niggers, and I'm sick of them. Name and Address Withheld by Request

We're sick of bigots like you.

FOOT FETISH:

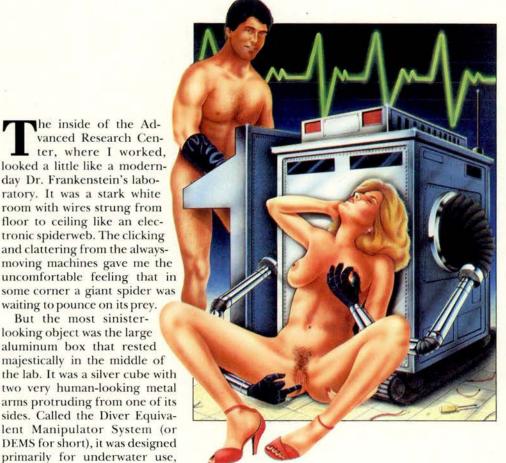
I have been reading HUSTLER for the past year, and in that time you have covered many fetishes in great pictorials. There is one, however, that you seem to have overlooked. Foot worship is the oldest and fastest-growing fetish around; it's also my favorite. Except for one shot in Tag-Team Lust (January '84) and Al Goldstein's celebrity photo-fantasy (March '84), you have never dealt with this. I would love to see a photo-set on toesucking and foot-licking. -Mark L. Cleveland, Ohio

Got a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.





LET YOUR FINGERS DO THE WALKING...



 $\mathbf{B} \mathbf{Y}$ LESTER DOLBY

Kinky Korner is written by our readers-one person's report on

his or her personal kink. We do not necessarily support the va-

lidity of every statement made here or agree with the writer's

opinions. Our purpose is to present honest sexual experiences

that will help to open a healthy dialogue among our readers.

HUSTLER will pay \$100 on publication for seven-page,

double-spaced-typed or neatly handwritten-manuscripts.

And please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

I worked the DEMS from a main panel by sliding my hands into a pair of electronic "gloves." Whenever I moved my hands, the DEMS hands would move-in an identical way. But what made this system so sophisticated was that through a unique feature of electronic feedback the DEMS allowed me to actually "feel" the

the inside of the Ad-

day Dr. Frankenstein's labo-

ratory. It was a stark white

waiting to pounce on its prey.

But the most sinisterlooking object was the large

aluminum box that rested

and it was my project.

touch of the robotic arms. Hot or cold, smooth or soft, whatever the robot felt, the operator did too.

I was essentially a loner at the center. Most days I spent by myself tinkering with the DEMS. I liked it that way. Unfortunately, there were still some bugs in the system I couldn't figure out, such as a tingling sensation I sometimes felt. So eventually my superiors assigned an assistant to help me out. Though I was not enthusiastic about working with some green college graduate who was all thumbs, I resolved to welcome my new helper with "open arms."

I was amazed to find that my assistant was a blond goddess

who looked more like a highschool cheerleader than a scientist. Named Jenny, she had blue eyes and a body that made her drab lab smock look sexy. I had never been very comfortable around women; so I was a little tongue-tied when we were first introduced. But Jenny was so warm and eager to help that I quickly grew relaxed around her.

As the weeks passed, we were still unable to find the cause of the mysterious tingling we felt from the DEMS. Discouraged, I began working late at night trying to locate the problem. No luck. Every morning Jenny would come in and find me pale and tired-with no answers.

Then one night about 2 a.m., after I had just reassembled the arm mechanism for the hundredth time and was almost asleep, I got the scare of my life: One of the arms began to move all by itself! I froze. The mechanical fingers started to creep up the front of my shirt. My heart felt as if it would leap out of my mouth if I dared to scream. Slowly, both of the hands began unbuttoning my shirt. The feel of icy metal on my chest sent shivers through my body. My eyes darted over to the

control panel: To my horror, no one was there!

The metal claws crept lower, sliding across my stomach and pushing at the top of my pants. The machine delicately undid the top snap of my pants and unzipped my fly. A steel finger slipped into the fold of my underwear and tickled my hardening penis. The red head of my cock peeked out in front of me, and both metal hands firmly grabbed hold of it, stroking it as gently as any human could. The cool metal against my burning-hot rod made my knees weak, and I threw back my head-eyes shut tightly-and moaned.

I heard a laugh. Jenny had been hiding behind the control

panel the whole time. She stood up, still caressing my cock with the DEMS. "It's so silky," she said. "I can feel it."

She began to quickly pump my penis, wrapping the metal fingers around its base, running the steel over my balls and down the crack in my ass and making the cum bubble in my scrotum. With a gasp I began spurting hot, creamy jism onto the cool metal of the DEMS hands, the sticky white juice dripping between each finger like webbing. Jenny squeezed, tightening the mechanical hands and milking out the last drop. I was in heaven.

And then *she* was behind me. My beautiful assistant knelt down on the floor, the DEMS hands still clutching me, and began to lick the semen off the machine. Her tongue darted around the metal fingers and down my slick, hard shaft, cleaning my balls and running her lips along my thighs. Then she removed the DEMS hands from me and stood up. We kissed, our tongues thrusting desperately into each other's mouths, and I could taste the cum on her lips, salty and bitter.

I ran my hands across Jenny's back, the thin material of her smock wrinkling beneath my fingers, and held her tightly, her hard nipples and full, soft breasts pushing up against my chest. She was naked beneath her lab coat!

Sliding back onto one of the lab tables, she spread her legs to give me a full view of her luscious blond muff. I pushed her thighs apart, burying my cock in her twat in one smooth motion. She sighed and wrapped her hands around the cheeks of my ass, pulling me deeper inside.

I thrust into her, shaking the table and rumpling my notes on the experiments with the DEMS. Jenny's fingernails drew red lines down my back and butt, but I didn't care. Her adorable breasts were jiggling with each jolt of my body. I could feel her getting hotter and hotter as she bucked up against me. When she feverishly bit my shoulder, I didn't even feel the pain. I was too lost inside of her to notice anything but the hot slickness of her vagina.

An especially violent thrust spilled a pile of silicon chips to the floor. Without missing a beat, Jenny wrapped her legs around my back, hammerlocking me against her. My cock hit the bottom of her cunt, and she squealed in delight.

With a sudden moan, Jenny began to come. Her whole body rippled with contractions as she held me so close, I could feel her heart thumping against my chest.

We stood there motionless for several minutes, listening to the steady hum of the machine. After Jenny calmed down, she begged me to try the DEMS machine on her, telling me that fondling somebody "long distance" was a wild feeling. I laughed and kissed her cheek before walking over to the control panel. I switched it

on and slipped my hands into the gloves.

Jenny pulled her legs up on the table, and I busily fumbled with the buttons of her lab coat. But eventually I got her smock undone. She had perfect breasts, large and soft with half-inch nipples. I twirled them between the metal fingers and could feel them in my own hands. Then I ran the artificial limbs down Jenny's stomach, tracing a line below her bellybutton into the tangled jungle of her bush, and she moaned in ecstasy.

She impatiently shoved the DEMS hands lower, and I could feel them enter her warm, wet cunt. I slipped one finger into her twat and pumped it in and out, tweaking her clit with the robot thumb. I slid a second metal finger into her and then a third. When I had the whole mechanical hand in her cunt, I began fist-fucking her, driving it in up to its metal elbow. Clutching her legs around the DEMS, she screamed. I could feel her vagina grip my hand as wave after wave of orgasm tingled through her.

When she finished coming, she immediately grabbed the metal hands and began licking and sucking on each finger. Suddenly, I had a brainstorm. I stuck my rock-hard cock into the electronic glove on the control panel—and gasped! I could feel her tongue on my cock, and yet it was more than that. It was as if my cock had suddenly become five cocks—one for each finger of the robotic hand. And it felt as if I were getting five blowjobs at once!

When she put all five fingers into her mouth and rolled her tongue around, it seemed like five tongues, five mouths and five throats were all sucking on my rod. I pushed my hips up against the machine and thrust my cock deeper into the glove.

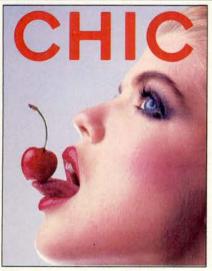
By sliding in and out of the machine, I could face-fuck Jenny deeper than I'd ever done to anyone before. In another moment I was coming, spraying the DEMS control panel with my jism.

And then I screamed!

I got the biggest shock of my life–110 volts streaming up my penis and into my balls. It was the most fantastic orgasm I'd ever experienced. My cock was on fire, and I kept coming and coming and coming.

Finally, Jenny got up and flipped off the machine. My body felt as if I'd just run a marathon. I slid into her arms, and she started laughing. She had figured out what was wrong with the DEMS. My blond goddess explained that the tingling we'd felt during normal operations was a mild shorting of the equipment caused by the sweat on our hands. My coming into the machine had caused it to go absolutely haywire.

I began laughing with her. Thus another great scientific breakthrough was achieved. And my social life improved immeasurably.



★ CHIC's photo-layouts for October are designed to stimulate all the senses. ANNA LISA, one of Holland's tastiest morsels, will make your mouth water in DUTCH TREAT. And you won't believe your eyes when you look in on a frolic-some couple having an outdoor romp in HEAVY LUMBER. Next, you'll almost hear the moans of pleasure as two naughty little nymphets bed down at a wild SLUMBER PARTY. Finally, you'll meet SYLVIA, whose SOFT TOUCH will leave you breathless and begging for more.

★ Once smugglers fit into the seedy waterfront image of books and films; now everyone is getting in on the act, from the cutthroat cocaine dealers of Latin America to the Gucci-clad executives who conceal Rolex watches they acquire on business trips to Switzerland.

What prompts them to risk their lives and freedom? Mike Snow's in-depth article reveals that hard times—and intrigue—have made smuggling irresistible.

★ Some people claim they can use the powers of the mind to predict the future, bend objects and read minds. Can these psychic powers be used for military purposes? Bob Hutchinson's revealing report discloses that the CIA has covertly been spending millions of tax dollars a year on ESP research. Is all this hype just an expensive hoax, or could psychic warfare be the ultimate secret weapon?

★ Plus: SEX LIFE tells you how to exercise your love muscles for peak performance in the boudoir, DOPE reveals disturbing new facts about marijuana, and ODDS & ENDS proves that bad taste is better—and funnier—than no taste at all.

OCTOBER CHIC ON SALE NOW!





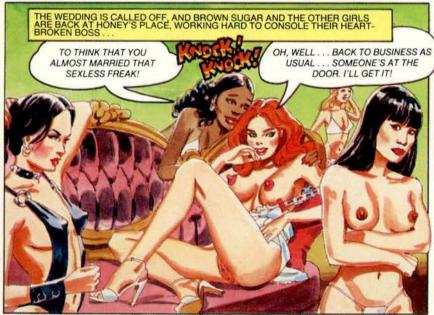


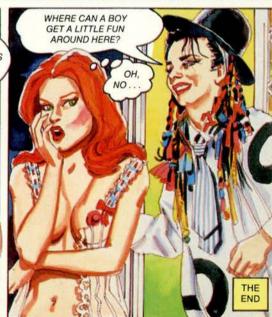




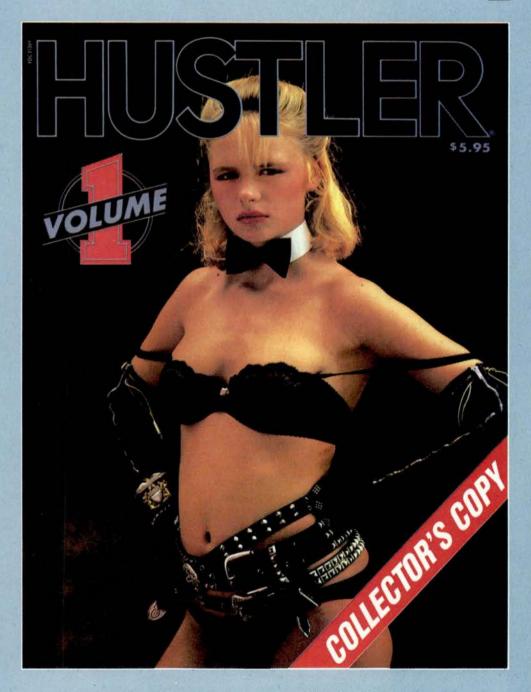








Collector's Copy



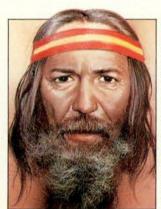
Ever since HUSTLER first appeared in 1974, the demand for back issues has been tremendous. Who could ever forget our first "pink" centerfold, the nude Jackie O or the revolutionary Scratch 'n' Sniff Centerfold? Now, as a special bonus, sets of three randomly selected issues are being made available so our readers can fill the holes in their HUSTLER libraries . . . and at a mere \$5.95, a substantial savings over the individual cover prices. Look for the COLLECTOR'S COPY at your favorite newsstand.

ON SALE AT NEWSSTANDS NOW!



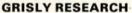
HUSTLER.

November issue on sale September 18, 1984



MASTER PIECES

Some have called our pictorials works of art—and rightly so—but in November's issue we go one step further. We asked the French artist Aslan to paint the likenesses of familiar faces on our favorite parts of real live females, and the results are true masterpieces. We follow this erotic exhibit with a sexy seafaring centerfold and two runaways who really go to town. Then you'll join a couple as they discover the fun of camping out—without ever leaving their tent.

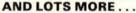


Every day in the United States alone more than 200,000 dogs, cats, rabbits and monkeys are burned, blinded, lobotomized and otherwise tortured by scientists who claim to be performing these atrocities in the quest for knowledge. But as Francesca Garrett's hard-hitting article reveals, most of these mutilations and killings are merely exercises in sadism. Accompanied by graphic laboratory photographs, this chilling exposé rips the cover of secrecy from the inhuman world of animal experimentation.



BAD COMPANY

The giant Bechtel construction company—run by elitist right-wingers with an inside track to the Reagan White House—has built everything from dams to nuclear-power plants all over the world. Senior Staff Writer Glenn Hunter points out that the firm's public-be-damned attitude has exploited workers and raped the environment. What's worse, this undercover CIA tool is selling atomic materials to anyone who'll buy them—even trigger-happy nations capable of starting World War III.



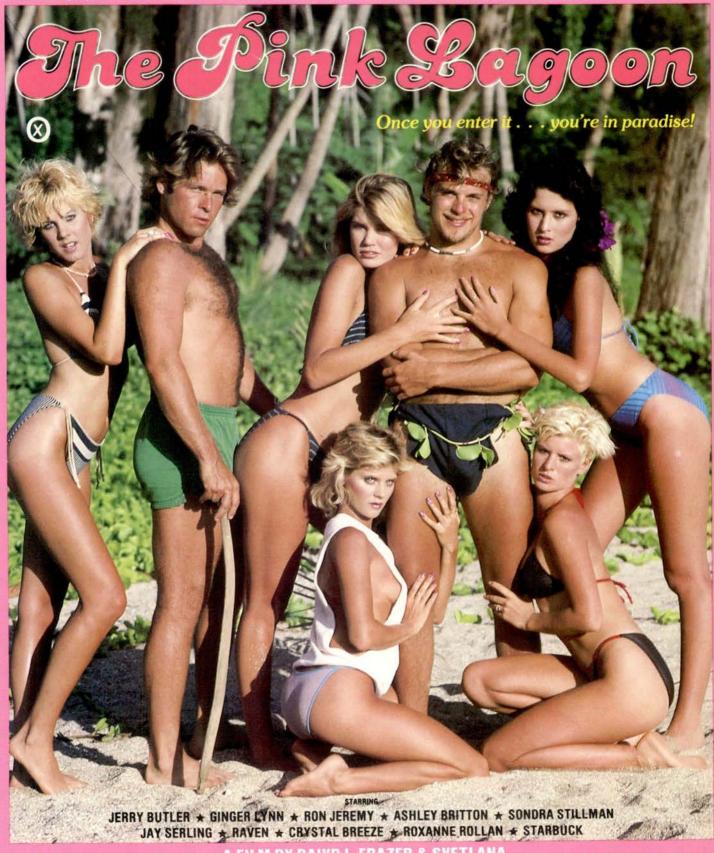
Besides our regular features, Sex Play uncovers the facts about an organization called Sexaholics Anonymous, Washington Daisy Chain provides the real news behind those political headlines, and Beaver Hunt displays another array of homegrown beauties.







ry of romance, lust and adventure in the South Seas



A FILM BY DAIVD I. FRAZER & SVETLANA

7401 Laurei Canyon Blvd. Suite 23 North Hollywood, CA 91605 (213) 765-4533 TOLL FREE (800) 421-4041



"One of the most erotic films ever made." (Highest rating)

-HUSTLER

"EVERY WOMAN HAS. A FANTASY registers time and time again right where it counts. Rachel Ashley is exquisite in the lead role. It's first-rate porn—catch it while you can!" SCREW "Hottest film of the year! Sandra Winters and Edwin Brown's steamy. sophisticated screenplay is both arousing and amusing. Rachel Ashley is absolutely ravishing in a star-making role." (Highest rating) -CHERI

"A steamy new film which may well end up in this years top ten. EVERY WOMAN HAS A FANTASY features some of the hottest new women in porn. Rachel Ashely will surely be one of porndom's biggest stars. A sizzling skin epic that may have special appeal for couples." — GENESIS

"All the girls are gorgeous."

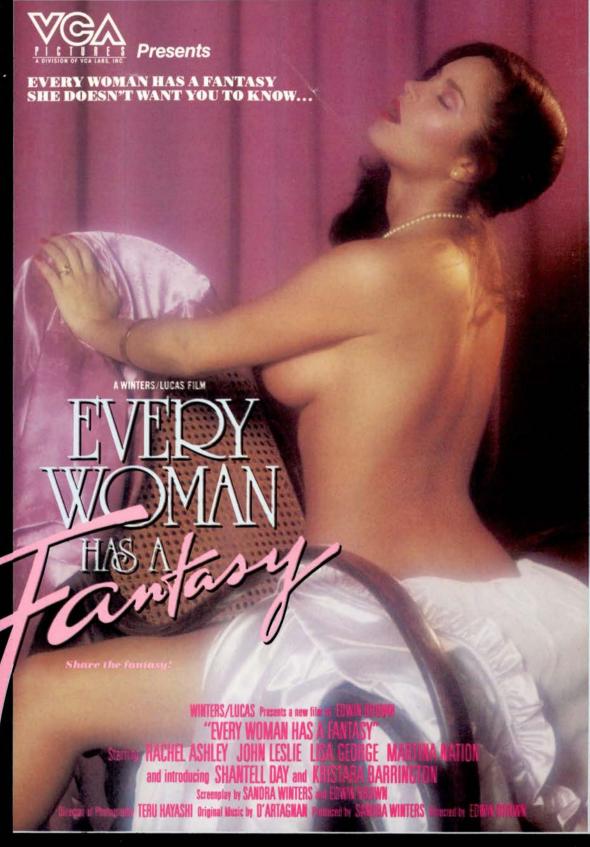
-BOX OFFICE

"A sexual paradise!" -CLUB

"The body of Rachel Ashley has to be seen to be believed."

-ADULTS ONLY

"This film is YOUR fantasy!" -STAG



NOW PLAYING IN FINE THEATRES EVERYWHERE. LATE AUGUST, EARLY SEPTEMBER AVAILABLE SOON ON VIDEO CASSETTE FROM VCA PICTURES

NEW YORK

CIRCUS **ANCO EASTWORLD**

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA PALM-San Mateo

COVELL-Modesto

CINEMA—Novato

CAMBRIAN—San Jose SONOMARIN—Petaluma SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

SUNSET—Hollywood PUSSYCAT—

Santa Monica PUSSYCAT - Torrance LAKEWOOD-Long Beach

PUSSYCAT-San Bernardino WARDMAN—Whittier PUSSYCAT—Ventura ROXY-Goleta TEXAS

CINEMAWEST—Houston DEAUVILLE-Houston

WESTWORLD-Houston CONNECTICUT MANCHESTER TWIN-Hartford LOUISIANA REGINA—Baton Rouge GEORGIA

BUFORD-Doraville